

THE
MISCELLANEOUS WORKS
IN
VERSE and PROSE
OF
Sir THOMAS OVERBURY, Knt.
WITH
MEMOIRS of his LIFE.

The TENTH EDITION.



L O N D O N:

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Temple-Bar.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE

OF

Sir THOMAS OVERBURY, Knt.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY was the son of
 NICHOLAS OVERBURY, Esq; of Burton
 in Gloucestershire; he gave early discove-
 ries of a rising genius, and, in the fourteenth year
 of his age, became a gentleman-commoner
 at Oxford, from thence he removed to the

Temple, but not continuing long there, travell'd into FRANCE, where he so improved himself, that on his return he was looked upon as one of the most finished gentlemen about the court.

Soon after his arrival, he contracted a friendship with Sir ROBERT CARR, a Scotch gentleman, favourite of King JAMES the first, afterwards earl of Somerset; such was the regard these two gentlemen shew'd each other, that they were inseparable. CARR would enter into no scheme without the advice of OVERBURY, while on the other hand OVERBURY was never happy but in the Company of CARR; a friendship like this, one would think out of human power to dissolve; but such is that of woman, such the influence of beauty, that even the most sacred ties are broke by their superior charms; CARR fell in love with lady FRANCES HOWARD, who was lately divorced from the earl of ESSEX; he acquainted his friend with his passion, who perswaded him to desist from a match that would involve him in misery; and at the same time insinuated some well-grounded suspicions of her honour. CARR forgetting the ties of friendship, and violently in love, communicated to the lady what OVERBURY had said, at which she being greatly incensed, was at length the cause of the miserable period this unfortunate gentleman's life was brought to, which, as it was attended with such shocking circumstances, a full account of the whole proceeding

can-

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cannot be disagreeable, especially to those who have not had opportunities of meeting with it in the authors who treat of that subject; it is as follows:

ROBERT CECIL, earl of Salisbury, was a mortal enemy to the late earl of ESSEX, and one of the chief instruments of his ruin. This earl left a son, who being but nine years old, did not give CECIL much uneasiness, though the king at his coming to *England*, restored him to his estate and honours. Mean while, as this able minister could not be ignorant of the king's affection for the father, he was apprehensive, that one time or other he should be made to pay for all his artifices to ruin that lord. It was chiefly upon this account, that in order to preserve the king's favour, he judg'd it proper to unite closely with the HOWARD Family, by his son's marriage with the earl of SUFFOLK's eldest daughter. After which, perceiving the earl of ESSEX to grow up, and fearing he might one day prove a thorn in his side, he believed it for his interest to be reconciled to him, and to confirm the reconciliation with the marriage of this young lord to the earl of SUFFOLK's second daughter, younger sister of his daughter-in-law. Besides his own advantage by this alliance, he gave the king the pleasure to see in strict union three families, for which he had the greatest affection; namely, those of HOWARD, DEVEREUX and CECIL. This marriage was accomplished in 1606, the earl of ESSEX being

then in his fifteenth, and FRANCES HOWARD, his bride, in her thirteenth year. As the married couple were yet very young, their relations thought fit the earl should travel into FRANCE and GERMANY, till they were both a little more advanced in years. During his absence, his countess became a perfect beauty, and eclipsed all the court ladies.

The earl of ESSEX returned to ENGLAND in the year 1610. He found his countess in the prime of her age and beauty, but withal extremely proud of her own merit, by reason of the praises bestowed on her by all. He was himself charmed with her, but met not with that return he expected. She daily coin'd fresh excuses to delay the consummation of the marriage, and shew'd as much reluctance, as he did eagerness. He bore it patiently for some time, being unwilling to use compulsion, for fear of giving his bride an aversion to him. Shortly after, he fell so dangerously ill of the small pox, that his life was despaired of, but the strength of his constitution overcame his distemper, though it was long before he was quite recovered.

In this interval it was, that ROBERT CARR became the king's favourite. When he gain'd his master's heart, he made a conquest almost at the same time of the countess of ESSEX's, who suffered herself to be taken with the charms of this young Scot, and entirely gave herself over
to

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to this new passion, without daring however to reveal it to the person that caused it. Meanwhile, the earl of ESSEX, finding himself perfectly recovered, pressed his spouse to consent to the consummation of their marriage; but he found her reluctance the greater, as she was enamoured of another. In short, after trying all ways to prevail with her, without being able to succeed, he had recourse to the earl of SUFFOLK his father-in-law, and entreated him to use his endeavours to vanquish his daughter's obstinacy. The earl of SUFFOLK surprized at what his son-in-law told him, sharply reprimanded his daughter, and positively told her, she must resolve to consummate the marriage. The countess not daring to disobey her father directly, desired only a little longer delay. She believed, in case she could avoid consummating her marriage with the earl of ESSEX, it would not be impracticable to procure a divorce, and then marry the viscount ROCHESTER. Indeed, the viscount knew nothing yet of her passion, but she had too good an opinion of her charms, not to hope an easy conquest, as soon as she should have occasion to discover it. On the other hand, the great credit of ROCHESTER and the earls of SUFFOLK and NORTHAMPTON, did not suffer her to question, that if the favourite undertook to marry her, he would easily accomplish it. But she wanted some time to lay her measures, wherein, however, she met with great opposition both from her husband and father.

In this extremity, not knowing how to proceed, she opened her mind to one Mrs. TURNER, a physician's widow, a woman of a dissolute life, and capable of the basest actions. As this woman had no good advice to give her, she perswades her to apply to one Dr. FOREMAN, who passed for a conjurer. To this man the countess of ESSEX told her secret, and desired two things of him; first, to manage it so, that the earl of ESSEX should be incapable to consummate his marriage. Secondly, to make the viscount ROCHESTER in love with her. FOREMAN very confidently promised both, and gave her certain powders, for her husband to take, and to be put among his linnen, with instructions how she should behave to him. As for ROCHESTER, he himself undertook to perform upon him the necessary operations.

Mean while, the countess could no longer disobey her father's command, so was forced to cohabit with her husband. But though they lay together, the marriage was not consummated, whether it was owing to FOREMAN's powders, or to some other effectual means used by the countess to frustrate her husband's efforts. However this be, the earl of ESSEX imagined, that his living in London, and at court, might contribute to his misfortune, and therefore resolved to carry his lady to Chartly in Staffordshire, a country seat about one hundred miles from London. The countess could not be excused from
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going with her lord, but all the while she was there, shut herself up in a room, and would not so much as suffer the light of the sun to enter, giving herself over to an excessive melancholy, whether out of vexation or policy, the better to deny her husband. After this manner she liv'd some time with the earl in the country, who did not understand the meaning of this strange behaviour. In the mean while, she wrote several letters to Mrs. TURNER and FOREMAN, telling them, she was afraid FOREMAN's powders were not strong enough, her husband was as lusty as ever, it would be very difficult for her to hold out, and if she should chance to yield, she should become the most unfortunate woman in the world; she intreated them to free her from her misery, and they should have what money they desired. These letters were found in FOREMAN's study, and read in open court, upon an occasion which I shall mention presently.

At last, the earl of Essex seeing himself in so uneasy a situation, resolv'd to carry his lady back to London, and give her full leave to live as she pleas'd. He began to perceive there was something extraordinary in her carriage, which he chose rather to be ignorant of than endeavour to discover.

The countess being returned to court, and mistress of herself, no longer delayed to let ROCHESTER know, what she endured for his

fake. There was no occasion to use magick to produce the desired effect. He was young, and she the finest lady in the kingdom. So any advances from her were more than sufficient to kindle a flame in the favourite's breast. As soon as they began to understand one another, assignations became frequent; they were at first very private, but in time used so little caution, that not a courtier was stranger to their amours. The king very probably was informed of it, since nothing delighted him more than to hear of the love intrigues of his courtiers. The earl of Essex who had also notice of it, chose to shut his eyes, and scorn an object so unworthy of his love.

The Countess of Essex having succeeded in her intended conquest, and finding herself sure of her lover's heart, would not allow his passion time to cool, every thing seemed to favour the execution of her designs, that is, her divorce from the Earl of Essex, and marriage with the viscount ROCHESTER. Essex saw her no more, and seemed to concern himself very little about her, and ROCHESTER was so beloved by the king, that in all appearance, nothing would be impracticable. So she let her lover know her designs, and without much difficulty brought him to second her projects. But, as he was wont to impart his most serious affairs to OVERBURY, he thought that he must not conceal this from him, as he expected from him some good advice to accomplish it. But so far was OVERBURY from

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from approving such a project, that he used his utmost endeavours to dissuade him from it; he represented to him the injustice and indignity of the thing, his danger of being ruined by such an action; and lastly, the little value he ought to have for a woman, who, tho' married, scrupled not to throw her self into the arms of another man; that she had already lost her reputation in the world, and when she should be his wife, all the dishonour would reflect upon him. ROCHESTER, who did not expect so great opposition from his friend, could not forbear shewing some resentment; he had the address, however, to contain himself so far, as not to give him room to think he would proceed notwithstanding his advice, and continued as usual to communicate to him his other affairs. The countess was in a violent passion when she heard OVERBURY's advice, and from that moment ceased not to excite her lover to revenge. She was the more incensed against OVERBURY, as she feared, that being acquainted with the design he would labour to render it abortive. In short ROCHESTER was so complaisant and blind, as to promise her to sacrifice his friend. He might easily have dismissed him, but it would have been too dangerous not to ruin him intirely, after trusting him with the secret. It is pretended, that to strike the most surely, he consulted the earl of NORTHAMPTON, uncle to the countess of ESSEX, and by his advice used this artifice to ruin him. He extolled to the king, OVERBURY's abilities, but intimated withal, that he took too much upon him,

him, and was grown intolerably insolent, and therefore he should be very glad to have him removed, by some honourable employment, praying his majesty to send him ambassador to Russia. The king liking the proposal, appoints instantly OVERBURY for the embassy. ROCHESTER having proceeded thus far, acquaints OVERBURY with the king's intention, and pretending he could not live without him, entreats him to refuse the employment, promising to procure him a better at court. He added, that indeed he believed it would not be in his power to hinder the king from being angry at first, who probably would resent his refusal, but he did not question to appease him in a few days. OVERBURY fell into the snare, and when the king sent for him to acquaint him with the employment, he most humbly besought his majesty to make choice of some other person. As soon as he was retired, ROCHESTER aggravated his pride and insolence, in daring thus to refuse his majesty's gracious offer, adding it was requisite to chastise him; that he was himself affected by it, for he should be infallibly blamed for using his interest for him. In short, by ROCHESTER's instances, the king commanded OVERBURY to be sent to the Tower: Some days before that, the favourite had caused Sir GERVASE ELWAYS, his creature, to be made lieutenant of the Tower. OVERBURY was closely confined in a room, and not suffered to keep one of his servants, or receive any visits from his relations and friends, a rigour not used even towards the greatest offenders.

fenders. He was now where the Viscount ROCHESTER and the Countess of ESSEX wished him, in order to dispatch him more easily. However, there were still some difficulties. It could not be done by stabbing, because the lieutenant of the Tower, who is to answer for the prisoners, would not have suffered it; and besides, a murder openly committed in one of the king's prisons, would have made too much noise in the world. It was resolved therefore, to make use of poison. To that end Mrs. TURNER provided a trusty person, one WESTON, who had been a servant to her husband, and Sir THOMAS MONSON recommended this man to the lieutenant of the Tower, to wait on the prisoner as a footman. But even this was not sufficient, whatever was brought for OVERBURY to eat, being dressed in the lieutenant's kitchen, it was almost necessary to engage him in the plot; some say the earl of NORTHAMPTON spoke to him of it, hinting that every thing was done with the king's privy. Others affirm, the lieutenant refusing to be concerned in the crime, and not daring however to discover it, by reason of the quality of the parties, took care to seize the victuals sent from time to time by the Viscount ROCHESTER to the prisoner, and threw them into the house of office, and this is most likely, since otherwise OVERBURY would have been soon dispatched. He could not however hinder WESTON from giving him a certain jelly, sent by Sir THOMAS MONSON which almost killed him. Whereupon the lieutenant of the Tower, was
still

still more careful, that OVERBURY should be seen but by WESTON alone. This was a check upon WESTON, because he perceived none could be accused but himself, therefore he durst not make such haste as OVERBURY's enemies desired; there arose however an inconvenience from this delay, which was, that every one was surprized to see the king use so great rigour upon a friend of the Viscount ROCHESTER, for so slight an offence, if the refusing to go an embassy to Russia could be deemed any crime at all. It could not be conceived, and it was vainly endeavoured to discover the cause of the extreme severity with which OVERBURY was treated.

Whilst the unfortunate prisoner languished in his confinement, the Viscount ROCHESTER and the Countess of ESSEX were thinking of executing their project of annulling the Countess of ESSEX's marriage, that she might afterwards espouse the Viscount. To effect this, without ROCHESTER's appearing to be concerned, the earl of NORTHAMPTON, who was in the lovers secrets, undertook to speak to the king, some say the viscount ROCHESTER had already acquainted the king, with the countess's design, to be divorced, and prayed his majesty to procure him the lady when the marriage should be dissolved; but I do not know whether this be well attested. However the earl of NORTHAMPTON presented to the king the countess of ESSEX's petition to this effect. That the earl her husband
being

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being incapable of consummating their marriage, she besought his majesty to let her complaint be examined, and if well-grounded, to have liberty to marry another. Upon this petition the king commissioned the archbishop, several other bishops, and some laymen to hear and determine the affair. This court proceeded very gravely to the trial of the cause, and entered into such particular and secret examinations as did not very well become clergymen. The earl of Essex being examined, briefly answered, he had never consummated his marriage, neither did he think he should ever be able, but did not feel the same inability, with regard to other women. Tho' this confession greatly favoured the countess's cause, the court deemed it proper to be certain of the truth by another method, and ordered the countess to be inspected by a jury of matrons, assisted by some midwives; this inspection being made, the matrons declared she was a virgin. But it is pretended, the countess, under colour of saving her modesty, was permitted to appear in a veil before the matrons, and that Miss FINEs, a young gentlewoman of her age and stature, was introduced in her place. I omit numberless circumstances of this tryal, which are to be found in several authors, and which it is indecent to relate. It suffices to say, that the marriage was dissolved, contrary to the opinion of the archbishop of CANTERBURY, who even published his reasons against it; but the king himself took the pains to answer the archbishop's arguments, and to maintain the justice of the sentence, upbraiding the prelate with founding his opinion on puritan principles.

principles. Dr. BILSON, bishop of WINCHESTER, one of the judges, having spoken very strenuously to prove the nullity of the marriage, his son was soon after knighted, but the people were so malicious as to call him Sir NULLITY BILSON. This affair made great noise, and brought little honour to the judges, most of whom could not be ignorant of the countess of Essex's ill character.

If after the divorce, the countess had married any other than the viscount ROCHESTER her conduct might have been easily justified, as this was not the first marriage annulled on the like account; but the sentence was hardly published, when the viscount openly made his addresses to the lady, and their marriage was quickly concluded. The king not only gave his favourite leave to marry the countess, but also made him earl of SOMERSET, that the second husband might be of equal rank with the first. The nuptials were solemnized a month after, with such extraordinary rejoicings, that had the king's own son been married, there could not have been greater.

While the countess of Essex's marriage was annulling, the unfortunate OVERBURY was closely confined, without having the comfort of seeing any of his friends, as if he had been guilty of the most heinous crimes. He had been extremely sick with the poison that was given him, without knowing the cause of his illness. But when

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when he heard what was transacting, he no longer doubted who was the author of his misery. In this lamentable state, he saw no other remedy but to write to the favourite, intreating him to deliver him out of his wretched condition. ROCHESTER answered, that the king being still highly incensed, he had not yet been able to speak in his behalf, but hoped to do it in a few days. Nay, it is said, he sent a certain powder in this letter as a sure remedy to cure his distemper. But OVERBURY was so wise as not to take it. In short, the two lovers, being impatient to see a man live so long, who might one day be their ruin, caused a poisoned clyster to be administered by one FRANKLIN, an apothecary's prentice, which ended his miseries with his life. Some say, that WESTON and FRANKLIN seeing the extraordinary effects of the clyster, and fearing if they suffered the poison to operate any longer, it would leave marks on the body, which would rise in judgment against them, smothered him with the bed cloaths. When he was dead, he was speedily buried without any ceremony, and a report spread that dying of the pox he was so rotten, he could not be kept any longer. This was the earl of NORTHAMPTON's account in his letter to the favourite, to acquaint him with OVERBURY's death, admiring withal the justice of God upon such wicked instruments.

Some time after, the earl of SOMERSET perceiving he daily declined in favour; before all things

things thought of securing himself from the danger to which he might be exposed by **OVERBURY**'s murder, so spying a favourable opportunity, he cast himself at the king's feet, and represented to him, that having served him some years in a very dangerous post, it was difficult not to fall into some miscarriages, and therefore besought him to grant him a general pardon, by which he might be secured from the malice of his enemies; the king very readily comply'd with his request, and ordered as ample a pardon as possible to be drawn. This was accordingly done, but whether through the ignorance or malice of the person who drew the instrument, the king was made to say in it, that "he pardoned not only all manner of treasons, murders, felonies, and outrages whatever, already committed, but also those which should be hereafter committed by the earl of **SOMERSET**." The king signed this pardon without any scruple, and perhaps without reading it. But the lord chancellor **EGERTON** refused to put the seal to it, saying as there had never been an instance of such a pardon, he should incur a **PÆMUNIRE** if he passed it; and when he told the king the reason of his refusal, he easily satisfied him he could not set his seal to the pardon; and not long after, the cause of **OVERBURY**'s death, became public by the following means.

FRANKLIN who administered the poisoned clyster to **OVERBURY**, made use (to compose it) of one **REEVE** an apothecary's boy, who was afterwards

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terwards sent into FLANDERS, or perhaps run away from his master. This REEVE being at Flushing, where some business had brought Sir WILLIAM TRUMBALL, his majesty's envoy at Brussels, got acquainted with some of his servants, and whether unadvisedly, or with design, informed them of what he knew concerning OVERBURY's death. The servants telling their master what they had heard, he examined REEVE himself, and drawing from him what he desired, found means to detain him at his house.

Then he writ to WINWOOD, desiring him to obtain the king's leave for him to return to ENGLAND, as he had some things to reveal which he could not trust to paper. Leave being granted, he acquainted WINWOOD with what he had learned, and WINWOOD told it the king, who commanded them both to keep it private till farther orders.

Some time after the king sent in the night, a messenger to lord chief justice COKE, with a letter ordering him to make a warrant to apprehend the earl of SOMERSET at Royston, and his countess at London, with FRANKLIN, WESTON, Mrs. TURNER, and Sir GERVASE ELWAYS, lieutenant of the tower. The messenger was sent back at four o'clock in the morn-

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morning, with an officer of justice, to execute the warrant. At his arrival he found the king with his arms about SOMERSET's neck, who was just going to London, and affectionately saying to him "When shall I see thee again SOMERSET?" At that very instant the officer arrested the earl by Sir EDWARD's warrant, who exclaimed that such an affront was never offered to a peer of the realm in the king's presence. The king feigning ignorance, and asking what was the matter, said jestingly, "Nay man there is no remedy, for if COKE sends for me I must go." Then accompanying him to the steps, before the door, he desired him as he was going down to return speedily, saying, He could not live without him. As soon as SOMERSET was in his coach, the king said in the hearing of some persons, who told it again afterwards, "Now the de'il go with thee, I will never see thy face more." If this be true, it must be owned it was a needless and very strange dissimulation; but king JAMES took delight in things of this nature.

At his coming to London, the earl of SOMERSET was sent to the Tower, his countess, and the rest of the accomplices, having been arrested and committed while he was upon the road. The same day COKE going to Royston, the king told him all he had heard from TRUMBALL, and enjoined

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enjoined him, with all possible scrutiny, to search into the affair, without partiality or respect of persons; and concluded with saying, "God's curse be upon you and yours, if you spare any of them; and God's curse be upon me and mine, if I pardon any one of them."

COKE receiving such strict orders, was very active in the affair; nay some pretend he was too active, and that finding in the earl of SOMERSET's papers, indications of his being concerned in the death of prince HENRY, he had not the prudence to conceal them; however, most of the parties accused were tried, found guilty, and executed. Sir THOMAS MORESON was also arrested, appeared twice before the judges, and at the second time COKE received a note from the king, which obliged him to send the prisoner back to the Tower, with these words, "Take him away, we have other matters against him of a higher nature." It is affirmed, COKE said aloud, one day as he was sitting on the bench, "God knows what became of that sweet babe prince HENRY, but I know somewhat." And then stopped short; this gave occasion to think he had made some discovery concerning the prince's death.

Subsop

xxii **MEMOIRS of the LIFE**

SIMON MASON, servant to **MONSON**, who had been employed to carry a poisoned tart to **OVERBURY**, being likewise brought before the court, the judge said to him, "**SIMON** thou hadst a hand in this poisoning business." No, my good lord, answered **SIMON**, "I had but one finger in it, which cost me all my hair and nails." He had, it seems, out of liquorishness as he was carrying the tart, tasted with his finger a little of the syrup. This ingenuous answer caused him to be acquitted, as it was thought he would not have tasted the syrup, had he known it to be poisoned.

The tryal of the earl of **SOMERSET** and his countess was deferr'd to May the next year, 1616. He pleaded, in his defence from eight in the morning till seven in the evening, when sentence was passed upon him, as guilty of **OVERBURY**'s death. The countess of **SOMERSET** being brought before the court pleaded only with a shower of tears, which raised some compassion in her judges, but hindered her not from being condemned to die as well as her lord. The king granted them a reprieve, which was often renewed till the year 1621, when they had liberty to go and live at a country seat; without however being releas'd from their sentence. At last in 1624, about four months before the king's death, a pardon was granted them.

of Sir THOMAS OVERBURY, Knt. xxiii

Thus fell that unfortunate gentleman Sir THOMAS OVERBURY a sacrifice to the malice and base designs of a woman. Among other things which will perpetuate his memory, he left the following sheets which it is hoped will not be disagreeable to the publick, as they have already run through so many editions.



of Sir Thomas Overbury, Knt. xlii

Thus fell that unfortunate gentleman Sir
THOMAS OVERBURY a sacrifice to the ene-
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mory, he left the following lines which is
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lick, as they have already run through so ma-
ny editions.



On the Untimely Death of
Or see their fair intelligences change
Or face, or habit, when black deeds, so strange
As might be thought, were laid out of hell
Are hatch'd by monsters which smother us well
The stars methinks like men inclin'd to sleep
Shou'd thro' their crystal casements scarcely peep
O'er the world's dark face
For fear their chariot's wheels might dirty
Some name might be given to angels blood
Blaspheming vile juries to destroy the good
The sun shines as well but his light is hid
And in dull darkness canopy his light
When from the rank flows of adulterous blood
O F

ELEGIES
BY
SEVERAL AUTHORS
ON THE
UNTIMELY DEATH

Sir **THOMAS OVERBURY**

PERSONED in the TOWER.

But these things happen still, but ne'er more clear
Nor with more lustre did these lamps appear
MERCURY

Upon the **UNTIMELY DEATH** of

Sir **THOMAS OVERBURY**

TWou'd ease our sorrows, 'twou'd re-
lease our tears,
Cou'd we but hear those high celestial
spheres,

Once tune their motions to a doleful strain
In sympathy of what we mortals 'plain.
B OF

* **Complain.**

2 On the Untimely Death of

Or see their fair INTELLIGENCES change
 Or face, or habit, when black deeds, so strange,
 As might force pity from the heart of hell
 Are hatch'd by monsters which among us dwell.
 The stars methinks, like men inclin'd to sleep,
 Shou'd thro' their chrystal casements scarcely peep,
 Or at least view us but with half an eye,
 For fear their chafter INFLU'NCE might discry
 Some murd'ring hand imbrued in guiltless blood,
 Blending vile juices to destroy the good.
 The Sun shou'd wed his beams to endless night,
 And in dull darkness canopy his light,
 When from the rank stews of adult'rous breasts,
 Where ev'ry base unhallow'd project rests,
 Is cast as in defiance of his shine,
 A stream, might make e'en death itself to pine.
 But these things happen still; but ne'er more clear,
 Nor with more lust're did these lamps appear:
 MERCURY capers with a winged heel,
 As if he did no touch of sorrow feel,
 And yet he sees a true MERCURIAN kill'd,
 Whose birth his mansion with much honour fill'd.
 But let me not mistake those pow'rs above,
 Nor tax injuriously those courts of JOVE;
 Surely, they joy to see these acts reveal'd,
 Which in blind silence have been long conceal'd;
 And VIRTUE now triumphant, whilst we mourn
 To think that e'er she was foul VICE's scorn:

Or

Or that poor OVERBURY's blood was made
 A sacrifice to malice and dark shade.
 WESTON,* thy hand that CURFEW-BELL did
 fway,
 Which did his life to endless sleep convey.
 But rest thou where thou art; I'll seek no glory
 By the relation of so sad a story.
 If any more were privy to the deed,
 And for the crime must be adjudg'd to bleed,
 To heav'n I pray, with heav'd up hands and eyes,
 That as their bodies fall, their souls may rise.
 And as those equally turn to one dust,
 So these alike may shine among the just,
 And there make up one glorious constellation,
 Who suffer'd here in such a different fashion.

D. T.

* An Instrument of the Earl of SOMERSET.

B 2

T. O.

TO THE
M E M O R Y

Of that generally bewail'd Gentleman

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

BUT that w'are bound in christian piety,
To wish God's will be done, and destiny,
(In all that haps to men, or good, or ill,)
Suffer'd, or sent, by that implored will.
Methinks, t'observe how virtue draws faint breath
Subject to flanders, hate, and violent death,
Wise men kept low, others advanc'd to state,
Right checkt by wrong, and ill men fortunate.
These mov'd effects, from an unmoved cause,
Might shake the firmest faith ; heav'ns fixed laws,
Might casual seem, and each irreg'lar sense
Spurn at just order, blame God's providence.

But what is man, t'expostulate th'intents
Of his high will, or judge of strange events ?
The rising sun to mortal sight reveals
This earthly globe ; but yet the stars conceals ;
So

ON SIR THOMAS OVERBURY. 5

So may the sense discover nat'ral things ;
Divine, above the reach of human wings.

Then not the fate, but fate's bad instrument
Do I accuse in each sad accident :
Good men must fall, rapes, incests, murders come ;
But woe and curses follow them by whom :
God authors all mens actions, not their sin.
For that proceeds from div'lish lust within.
Thou then that suffer'd by those forms so vile,
From whom those wicked instruments did file,
Thy drossy part, to make thy fame shine clear,
And shrine thy soul in heav'ns all-glorious sphere ;
Who being good, nought less to thee besel,
Tho' it appear'd disguis'd in shape of heli ;
Vanish thy blood and nerves ; true life alone
In virtue lives, and true religion.
In both which thou art deathless : O behold,
(If thou can'st look so low as earth's base mold)
How dreadful justice (late with ling'ring foot)
Now comes like whirlwind ? how it shakes the
root

Of lofty cedars ; makes the stately brow
Bend to the foot ! how all men see that now
The breath of infamy doth move their sails ;
Whiles thy dear name by love's more hearty gales
Shall still keep wing, until thy fame's extent
Fill ev'ry part of this vast continent.

6 On the untimely Death of

Then you the Sire* of this thus murder'd son,
Repine not at his fate ; since he hath won,
More honour in his suff'rance ; and his death
Succeeded by his virtue's endless breath.
For him, and to his life and death's example,
Love might erect a statue ; Zeal, a temple :
On his true worth the Muses might be slain,
To die his honor's web in purest grain.

C. B.

* Sir NICHOLAS OVERBURY.

UPON

Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.

7

UPON THE
UNTIMELY DEATH

O F

Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.

POISONED in the TOWER.

SO many moons, so many times gone round,
And rose from hell, and darkness under
ground,

And yet till now, this darken'd deed of hell
Not brought to light? O tardy heav'n! yet tell,
If murder lays him down to sleep with lust,
Or no? reveal, as thou art true and just,
The secrets of this unjust secure act,
And what our fears make us suspect, compact
With greater deeds of mischief, for alone
We think not this, and do suspect yet one,
To which compar'd, this, but a falling star,
That a bright firmament of fire: thy care
We see takes meaner things: it times the world
The signs at random thro' the ZODIAC hurl'd,

3 On the Untimely Death of

The stars wild wand'rings, and the glib quick
hinges

Which turn both poles; and all the vi'lent changes
It over-looks, which trouble th' endless course
Of the high firmament; by thy blest force,
Do hoary winter-frosts make forests bare,
And strait to groves again their shades repair;
By thee doth Autumns, LYON's flaming mane
Ripen the fruits; and the full ear sustain
Her burden'd pow'rs. O being still the same,
Ruling so much, and under whom the frame
Of this vast world weigh'd, all his orbs dost guide,
Why are thy cares of men no more apply'd?
Or if: why seem'st thou sleeping to the good,
And guarding to the ill? as if the brood
Of best things still, must chance take in com-
mand,

And not thy providence? and her blind hand
Thy benefits erroneously disburse,
Which so let fall, ne'er fall but to the worse?
Whence so great crimes commit the greater sort,
And boldest acts of shame blaze in the court,
Where buffoons worship in their rise of state,
Those filthy SCARABS,* whom they serve and
hate.

* Beetles.

Sure

Sure things near backward, there, honor disgrac'd,
And virtue laid by fraud, and poison, waste;
The adult'rer up like human, and so fainted;
And females modesty (as females) painted,
Lost in all real worth: what shall we say?
Things so far out of frame, as if the day.

Were come, wherein another PHAETON
Stol'n into PHOEBUS wain, had all misgone
A clean contrary way. O pow'rful GOD,
Right all amiss, and set — the wonted period
Of goodness in his place again: this deed
Be usher to bring forth the mask, and weed
Where under blacker things lie hid perhap,
And yet have hope to make a safe escape.*
Of this make known, why such an instrument
As WESTON, a poor servingman should rent
The frame of this sad good mans life? did he
Stand with this court-bred learned OVERB'RY
In strife for an AMBASS'DORSHIP? No, no,
His orb held no such light: what did he owe
The prophet malice for composing this,
This † CYNOSURA in neat POESIS,
How good and great men ought, and all, to chuse
A chaste, fit, noble WIFE, and the abuse

HA

* Gervase Elways was not then taken up.

† Dogstar.

10 On Sir THOMAS OVERBURY:

Of Strumpets friendly shadowing in the same,
Was this his fault? or doth there lie a flame
Yet in the Embers not unrak'd, for which
He died so falsely? Heav'n we do beseech
Unlock the secret, and bring all to view,
That law may purge the blood, lust made untrue.

W. S.

NA

An ELEGY

Consecrated to the

M E M O R Y

Of the truly Worthy and Learned

Sir THOMAS OVERBURY, Knt

HAD not thy wrong, like to a wound ill
cur'd,

Broke forth in death ; I had not been assur'd

Of grief enough to finish what I write.

These lines, as those which do in cold blood fight,

Had come but faintly on ; for always he

That shrines a name within an Elegy

(Unless some nearer cause do him inspire)

Kindles his bright flame at the fun'ral fire.

Since passion (after less'ning her extent)

Is then more strong, and so more eloquent.

How pow'rful is the hand of murder now !

Was't not enough to see his dear life bow

inA

Beneath

12 On the Untimely Death of

Beneath her hate ? but crushing that fair frame,
 Attempt the like on his unspotted fame ?
 O base revenge ! more than inhuman fact !
 Which (as the ROMANS sometime wou'd enact
 No doom for PARRICIDE, supposing none
 Cou'd ever so offend) the upright throne
 Of justice saves not ; leaving that intent
 Without a name, without a punishment.

Yet thro' thy wounded fame, as thoro' these
 Glasses which multiply the Species,
 We see thy virtues more ; and they become
 So many statues resting on thy TOMB.

Wherein confinement new thou shalt endure,
 But so, as when to make a pearl more pure
 We give it to a DOVE, in whose womb pent
 Some time, we have it forth most orient.

Such is thy lustre now, that venom'd spite
 With her black soul dares not behold thy light,
 But cursing it, a course begins to run
 With those that curse the rising of the SUN.
 The poison that works upwards now, shall strive
 To be thy fair fame's true preservative.
 And witchcraft that can mask the upper shine,
 Which no one cloud shall blind a ray of thine.

And

And as the HEBREWS in an obscure pit
 Their HOLY FIRE hid, not quenched it,
 And after time that broke their bondage chain
 Found it to fire ~~their sacrifice~~ again :
 So lay thy worth somewhere, but being found,
 The Muses altars plentifully crown'd
 With sweet perfumes, by it new kindled be,
 And offer all to thy dear memory.

Nor have we lost thee long: thou art not gone,
 Nor canst descend into oblivion.
 But twice the sun went round since thy soul fled,
 And only that time men shall term thee dead.
 Hereafter (rais'd to life) thou still shalt have
 An antidote against the silent grave.

W. B. *Int. Temp.*

UPON

UPON THE
 UNTIMELY DEATH
 O F

Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.

IF for to live be but a misery,
 If by death good men gain eternity,
 'Twas friendly done in robbing thee of life,
 To celebrate thy nuptials with **THY WIFE** ;
 So that his will no other aim intended,
 But by exchange thy life shou'd be amended :
 Yet wer't to compass his insatiate lust,
 He this last friendship tender'd to thee : trust
 Whiles he, dishonour'd and defamed may die,
 Justice and fame, shall crown thy **MEMORY**.

B. G. Medii Temp.

IN

ON ST THOMAS OVERBURY
But for my own part, since it tells out so,
That once I shall have his will, I now compare
It to a warren band, which at a time
I'll break a box of powder in the dust;
Whole parties with it will be sent to rest.
I N
Obitum Intempestivum & Lachrimabilem,
Illustrissimi Equitis Aurati,

T H. O V E R B U R I,

Magnæ Spei & Expectationis Viri,

However windy mischief raise up high
Dark thick'ning clouds, to pour upon
us all

A tempest of foul rumours, which descry
Thy hard mishap, and strange disast'rous fall;
As if thy wounds were bleeding from that hand
Which rather shou'd have rais'd thee up to stand

Yet shalt thou here survive in pitying fame,
In thy sweet WIFE in these most acute lines,
In well reputed characters of name,
And virtue's tomb, which all thy honor shrines:
In spite of envy, or the proudest hate,
That thus hath set opinion at debate.

But

36 On Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.

But for my own part, since it falls out so,
That death hath had his will ; I now compare
It to a wanton hand, which at a throw
To break a box of precious balm did dare ;
Whose perfume, altho' it was thus spill'd,
The house and corners by were better fill'd.

Capt. Tho. Gainsford.

Illustration of the original text.

T H O M A S O V E R B U R Y
O N
Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.

THO' dumb, deaf, dead, I cry, I hear, I
kill,

Thus grows a politician, gainst my will.

As if thy wounds were bleeding from that hand,
Which rather thou'd have rais'd it up to stand.

Yet shall thou here live in pitying flames,
In thy sweet wine in these most acute flames,
In well reported characters of names,
And virtue's tomb, which all thy honor shines;
In spite of envy, or the proudest hate,
Thine hath set opinion at debate.

But

Offered to that Man of Virtue

Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.

Belief ?

• **Reward.**

36 On Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.

But for my own part, since it falls out so,
That death hath had his will ; I now compare
It to a wanton hand, which at a throw
To break a box of precious balm did dare ;
Whose perfume, altho' it was thus spill'd,
~~The house and comers by were better fill'd~~

Capt. Tho. Gainsford.

Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.

TH O' dumb, deaf, dead, I cry, I hear, I
kill,

Thus grows a politician, gainst my will.

Which rather shoud have this I should have said,
As if thy wounds were bleeding from that hand,
Which rather shoud have this I should have said,

Yet shall thou here find me in piping time,
In thy sweet wine in these most acute lines,
In well reputed characters of names,
And virtue's tomb, which all thy honor shines,
In spite of envy, or the proudest hate,
Which hath let opinion at debate.

But

47
On Sir Thomas Overbury
Belief O cruel thought! times unnumbered
Will say, who dies that is unnumbered dead
By treachery, of love, or by disguise
In this
A M E M O R I A L

Offered to that Man of Virtue
Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.

ONCE dead and twice alive; death could
not frame

A death, whose sling cou'd kill him in his fame.
He might have liv'd, had not the life which gave
Life to his life, betray'd him to his grave.

If greatness cou'd consist in being good,
His goodness did add titles to his blood.

Only unhappy in his life's last fate,
In that he liv'd so soon, to die so late.

Alas whereto shall men oppress'd trust,
When innocence cannot protect the just?

His error was his fault, his truth his end,
No enemy his ruin, but his friend.

Cold friendship where hot vows are but a breath,
To guerdon* poor simplicity with death:

Was never man that felt the sense of grief,
So over-bury'd in a safe belief:

Belief?

* Reward.

18 On Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.

Belief? O cruel slaughter! times unbred,
Will say, who dies that is untimely dead,
By treachery, of lust, or by disgrace;
In friendship, 'twas but OVERBURY's case;
Which will not more commend his truth, than
prove,

Their guilt, who were his opposites in love.
Rest, happy man; and in thy sphere of awe,
Behold how justice sways the sword of law,
To weed out those, whose hands imbru'd in blood
Cropt off thy youth, and flow'r in the bud,
Sleep in thy peace; thus happy hast thou prov'd,
Thou might'st have dy'd more known, not
more belov'd.

Io: Fo:

AN

19
An ELEGY

Upon the DEATH of
Sir THOMAS OVERBURY, Knt.
POISONED in the TOWER.

HAd'st thou, like other Sirs and Knights of
worth,

Sicken'd and dead, been stretch'd out and laid forth
After thy farewell sermon taken earth,

And left no deed to praise thee but thy birth.

Then, OVERBURY, by a pass of theirs

Thou might'st have tided hence in two hours
tears,

Then had we worn thy sprigs of memory

No longer than thy friends did rosemary ;

Or than the dole was eating for thy sake,

And thou had'st sunk in thy own wine and cake.

But since it was so order'd and thought fit,

By some who knew thy truth, and fear'd thy wit,

Thou shou'dst be poison'd, death hath done thee
grace,

Rank'd thee above the region of thy place ;

For

20 On Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.

For none hears poison nam'd, but makes reply,
 What prince was that? what statesman did so die?
 In this thou hast out-dy'd an elegy,
 Which were too narrow for posterity;
 And thy strong poison, which did seem to kill,
 Working afresh in some historian's quill,
 Shall now preserve thee longer e'er thou rot,
 Than cou'd a poem mix'd with antidote;
 Nor need'st thou trust an herald with thy name,
 That art the voice of justice and of fame,
 Whilst sin (detesting her own conscience) strives
 To pay the use and interest of lives
 Enough of rhyme, and might it pleas'd the law
 Enough of blood; for naming lives I saw
 He that writes more of thee must write of more,
 Which I affect not, but refer men o'er
 To Tyburn, by whose art they may define
 What life of man is worth in valuing thine.

THE
W I F E :
A
P O E M.

BY
Sir THOMAS OVERBURY, Knt.

WITH
Divers Commendatory P O E M S .

Addressed to the
AUTHOR of this WORK.
By SEVERAL HANDS.

THE

W. F. H.

P. O. M.

BY
ST. THOMAS OVERBURY, Knt.

WITH
Divers Commendatory Poems
Addressed to the

AUTHOR of the WORK.
BY SEVERAL HANDS.

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U P O N

Sir THOMAS OVERBURY

T H E

AUTHOR of this Ingenious Poem.

HESPERIDES (within whose gardens grow
Apples of gold) may well thy loss deplore,
For in those gardens they could never show

A tree so fair, of such a fruitful store,
Grace was the root, and thou thyself the tree,
Sweet counsels were the berries grew on thee.

Wit was the branch that did adorn the stock,

Reason the leaf upon those branches spread;
Under thy shadow did the Muses flock,
And by thee (as a mantle) covered.

But what befall, O too much out of kind,
For thou wer't blasted by a WESTERN wind.

R. Ca.

O F

O F
 Sir THOMAS OVERBURY
 HIS

W I F E and M A R R I A G E.

WHEN I behold this WIFE of thine so fair,
 So far remov'd from vulgar beauties (air
 Being less bright and pure) methinks I see
 An uncloath'd soul by potent Alchemy
 Extract from ragged matter. Thou hast made
 A WIFE more innocent than any maid.
 EVE's state before the fall's decypher'd here,
 And PLATO's naked virtue's not more clear.
 Such an idea as scarce wishes can
 Arrive at, but our hopes must ne'er attain;
 A soul so far beyond the common make,
 As scorn'd corporeal joyning. For her sake
 (Despairing self contract) thou too turn'st soul,
 And to enjoy her fairs* without controul,
 Cast'st off this body's clog, so must all do,
 Cast matter off, who wou'd abstraction woo.

T O

Beauties.

To

On Sir THOMAS OVERBURY: 25

To fly so soon then (soul) well hast thou done,
For in this life such beauties are not won.
But when I call to mind thy unripe fall,
And so sad summons to the nuptial,
Either in her, thy bold desires did taste
Forbidden fruit, and have this curse purchast,
Or having this Elixir made thy own,
(Drawn from the remnant of Creation)
The faces their malignant spirits breath
To punish thy ambitious love with death,
Or, thy much envy'd choice hath made the rest
Of concrete reliëts, point their aims infest
To thy confusion, and with them seduced,
Friendship displeased to see a love produced
Less carnal than itself, with policy
So pure and chaste a love to nullify,
Yet howso'er their project flies in smoke,
The poison's cordial, which they meant shou'd
choak.

Their deeds of darknes like the bridal night
Have join'd spiritual lovers in despight
Of false attempts, and now the wedding's done,
When in this life such *fair's had not been won.

E.G.

* Beauties.

O N

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY'S POEM

The W I F E.

WERE ev'ry beauty, ev'ry sev'ral grace,
Which is in women, in one woman's face,
Some courtly gallants might, I think, come to her,
Which wou'd not wed her, tho' they seem'd to
woo her.

Settled affections follow not the eye,
Reason and judgment must their course descry,
PYGMALION's image, made of marble stone,
Was lik'd of all, belov'd of him alone :
But here's a dame grown husbandless of late,
Which not a man but wishes was his mate ;
So fair without, so free from spot within,
That earth seems here to stand exempt from sin.
JUNO vouchsafe, and HYMEN when I wed,
I may behold this WIDOW in my bed.

T. D.

On

O N

Sir THOMAS OVERBURY'S POEM

The W I F E.

I'M glad yet e'er I die, I have found occasion,
 Honest and just, without the world's perswa-
 sion,
 Or flattery, or brib'ry to commend
 A woman for her goodness, and God send
 I may find many more, I wish them well ;
 They're pretty things to play with, when EVE fell
 She took a care, that all the woman kind
 That were to follow her should be as blind
 As she was wilful, and till this good wife,
 This piece of virtue, that ne'er took her life
 From a frail mother's labour, Those stand still
 As marginals to point us to our ill,
 Came to the world as other creatures do
 That know no god but will, we learnt to woo,
 And if she were but fair, and cou'd but kiss,
 Twenty to one, we cou'd not chuse amiss ;
 And as we judge of trees, if strait and tall,
 That may be sound, yet never till the fall

28 On Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.

Find how the rain hath drilled 'em, so till now
We only knew we must love, but not how;
But here we have example, and so rare
That if we hold but common strife and care,
And steer by this card, he that goes awry,
I'll boldly say at his nativity,
That man was seal'd a fool; yet all this good
Giv'n as it is, not cloath'd in flesh and blood,
Some may aver, and strongly, 'twas meer meant,
In way of practice, but not president,
Either will make us happy men; for he
That marrieth any way this mystery,
Or any parcel of that benefit,
Tho' he take hold of nothing but the wit,
Hath got himself a partner for his life,
More than a woman, better than a WIFE.

I. F.

EJUS-

E J U S D E M in E A D E M.

AS from a man the first frail woman came,
The first that ever made us know our
shame,

And find the curse of labor ; so again
Goodness and understanding found a man
To take this shame away ; and from him sprung,
A piece of excellence without a tongue :
Because it should not wrong us ; yet the life
Makes it appear a woman and a wife :
And this is she, if ever woman shall
Do good hereafter, born to bless our fall.

I. F.

O N

This Excellent P O E M,

The W I F E.

LO! here the matchless pattern of a wife,
 Decyphered in form of good and bad,
 The bad commends the good, as dark doth
 light;
 Or as a loathed bed, a single life,
 The good with wisdom and discretion clad,
 With modesty and fair demeanour dight,
 Whose reason doth her will, to love unite,
 Reason begot, and passion bred her love,
 Self will she shun'd, fitness the marriage made;
 Fitness doth cherish love, self-will debate,
 Lo thus, and in this monument of proof,
 A perfect wife, a work nor time can fade,
 Nor loose respect betray to mortal fate,
 This none can equal, best but imitate.

R. C.

O N

O N

The W I F E.

BEAUTY affords contentment to the eye,
 Riches are means to cure a weak estate,
 Honor illustrates what it cometh nigh ;

To marry thus, men count it happy fate ;
 Virtue they think doth in these emblems shroud.
 But trial shows they are gulled with a cloud.

These are but compliments ; the inward worth,
 The outward carriage, gesture, wit, and grace,
 Is that alone that sets a woman forth ;

And in this Woman these have each a place.
 Were all wives such, this age wou'd happy be,
 But happier that of our posterity.

D. T.

C 4

O N

O N

The W I F E.

WELL haft thou said that women shou'd
be such,

And were they that, had but a third as much,
I wou'd be married too, but that I know
Not what she is, but shou'd be, thou dost show.

So let me praise thy work, and let my life

Be single, or thy widow be my WIFE.

X. Z.

O N

O N

The W I F E.

THIS perfect creature to the eastern use
 Liv'd whilst a wife retir'd from common
 show ;

Not that her lover fear'd the least abuse,

But with the wisest knew it fitter so,
 Since fall'n a WIDOW, and a zealous one,

She wou'd have sacrific'd herself agen ;
 But importun'd to life is now alone

Lov'd, woo'd, admir'd, by all wise single men,
 Which to th'adult'rous rest that dare begin,
 Their us'd temptation's were a mortal sin.

TO

T O

The W I F E.

EXPOS'D to all, thou wilt less worthy
seem,

I fear, WIVES common all men disesteem ;
Yet some things have a different fate, some fret,
We doubt, in wares which are in corners set.
Hid medals rust, which being us'd grow bright,
The day more friendeth virtue than the night.
Thou, tho' more common then may'st seem
more good,

I only wish thou may'st be understood.

G. R.

An

An E L E G Y

In Praise of

Sir THOMAS OVERBURY

And His P O E M.

'TIS dang'rous to be good, well we may
praise

Honesty or innocence ; but who can raise
A pow'r that shall secure 't 'gainst wrongs to
come,

When such a SAINT hath suffer'd MARTYR-
DOM.

Injurious hands, which cause they cou'd not
get,

The gem wou'd therefore spoil the cabinet ;
But tho' the cage be broke, the bird is flown
To heav'n, her proper, and securer home,
Where 'mongst a choir of Saints and Cherubims,
Of Angels, Thrones, and Seraphims, she sings
Those

36 On Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.

Those sacred HALLELUJA's, heav'n may boast
 'T' have got that Angel there which we have lost.
 But we shall still complain, for to us here
 A Saint is more loss, than a Throne is there.

That firmament of holy fires, which we
 Enjoy'd whilst thou wert, by enjoying thee,
 Lies now rak't up in ashes, as the height
 Of day, the sun once gone, is drown'd in night :
 But as the moon sometimes, the sun b'ing set,
 Appears, and we a new tho' less light get ;
 So, tho' our greatest lamp of virtue be
 By cruel fate, extinguished in thee ;
 Yet to add some fresh oil t'our snuff of life,
 Thou hast behind thee left a matchless WIFE,
 Who hath (since that sad time her husband dy'd)
 Been woo'd by many for a second bride :
 But, like a chaste religious widow, she,
 Her first mate having lost, scorns BIGAMY.

P. B. *medii Temp.*

A S T A T U E

Erected in MEMORY of

Sir THOMAS OVERBURY'S WIFE.

UPON a marble fram'd by th' cunning'st
hand

In garments green and orient to behold,
Like a most lovely virgin let her stand,
And on her head a crown of purest gold ;
First, let Religion in her heart have place,
As th' ground and fountain whence all virtues
spring ;

So that each thought b'ing sanctify'd by grace,
The punishment t'escape that's due to sin ;
Let beauty, join'd with modesty, appear ;
Love's object in her face, and chastity :
In her fair eyes, brighter than chrystal clear ;
Wherein life moves affections led thereby :
In her hands charity, and at the right
The holy angels let protecting be ;
And at the left God's mercy's shining bright,
Distributing to each necessity.

Let

38 On Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.

Let th' Earth his riches yield to her, and more
The heav'ns their influence, and by the same
Unto the blind their sight let her restore,
Strength'ning the weak, and raising up the
lame :

Under her feet the devil and darkness set,
Let pride, fast bound in chains, behind her lie ;
Base self-love not appear in place, and let
Foul lust and envy from her presence fly :
And on her breast in golden letters write,
Heaven's best beloved, and earth's chief delight.
He that (in's choice) wou'd meet with such a
wife,

Must vow virginity and single life.

ON

O N
Sir THOMAS OVERBURY
A N D
His W I F E.

ALL right, all wrong befalls me through a
WIFE ;
A bad one gave me death, a good one life.

T O

T O T H E

Clean Contrary W I F E.

LOOK here, and chide those spirits which
maintain

Their empire with so strong command in you,
That all good eyes, which do your folly's view

Pity what you for them must once sustain,
And from those evils which free souls disdain

To be acquainted with, and but pursue,

Worst minds from them (as hateful as untrue)

By reading this, for fame's fair sake refrain,

Who wou'd let feed upon her birth, the brood
Of lightness, indiscretion, and the shame

Of foul incontinence ; when the base blood

Is careless only of an honour'd name :

Be all that gentle are, more high improv'd,

For loose dames are but flatter'd, never lov'd.

W. STRA.

To

To the B O O K.

THOU woful Widow, once a happy Wife
 That didst enjoy so sweet a mate,
 Who now bereaved is of life
 Untimely wrought thro' inward hate.
 O deed most vile ! to haste the end
 Of him that was so good a friend.

F. H.

OF

OF THE
C H O I C E
OF A
W I F E.

IF I were to chuse a woman,
As who knows but I may marry,
I wou'd trust the eye of no man ;
Nor a tongue that may miscarry ;
For, in way of love and glory,
Each tongue best tells his own story.

First, to make my choice the bolder,
I wou'd have her child to such,
Whose free virtuous lives are older,
Than antiquity can touch ;
For 'tis seldom seen that blood
Gives a beauty great and good.

Yet

Yet an antient stock may bring
 Branches, I confess, of worth,
 Like rich mantles, shadowing
 Those descents that brought them forth;
 Yet such hills, tho' gilded show,
 Soonest feel the age of snow.

Therefore, to prevent such care,
 That repentance soon may bring,
 Like merchants, I wou'd chuse my ware
 Useful, good, not glittering:
 He that weds for state or face,
 Buys a horse to lose a race.

Yet I wou'd have her fair as any,
 But her own not kist away;
 I wou'd have her free to many,
 Look on all like equal day;
 But, descending to the sea,
 Make her set with none but me.

If she be not tall, 'tis better;
 For that word a goodly woman
 Prints itself in such a letter,
 That it leaves unstudy'd no man:
 I wou'd have my mistress grow
 Only tall to answer, No.

Yet

44 Of the Choice of a Wife.

Yet I wou'd not have her lose
 So much breeding as to fling
Unbecoming scorn at those
 That must worship ev'ry thing :
Let her fear loose looks to scatter,
And loose men will fear to flatter.

Children I wou'd have her bear
 More for love of name than bed ;
So each child I have is heir
 To another maidenhead :
For she that in the act's afraid,
Ev'ry night's another maid.

Such a one, as when she's woo'd,
 Blushes not for ill thoughts past ;
But so innocently good,
 That her dreams are ever chaste ;
For that maid that thinks a sin,
Has betray'd the fort she's in.

In my visitation still,
 I wou'd have her scatter fears,
How this man and that was ill,
 After protestations tears ;
And who vows a constant life,
Crowns a meritorious wife.

When

When the Priest first gives our hands,

I wou'd have her think but thus :

In what high and holy bands

Heaven, like twins, hath planted us :

That, like AARON's rod, together

Both may bud, grow green, and wither:

A WIFE

Of the Choice of a Wife.

When the first time you see her face,
I wish you saw her face
In your heart, and not in your eyes,
For when you see her face
That she is a woman's soul,
Her eyes may be, grow green, and white.

A WIFE

A W I F E.

The METHOD.

FIRST of MARRIAGE, and the effects thereof, children ; then of its contrary, LUST : then for his Choice ; first, his opinion negatively, what should not be the first causes in it ; that is, neither BEAUTY, BIRTH, nor PORTION : Then affirmatively, what shou'd be, of which kind, there are four, GOODNESS, KNOWLEDGE, DISCRETION ; and as a second thing, BEAUTY ; the first only is absolutely good, the other, being built upon the first, do likewise become so ; then the application of that woman by love to himself, which makes her a WIFE ; and lastly, the only condition of a Wife FITNESS.

A WIFE

A W I F E

The METHOD

THE FIRST of MARRIAGE, and the effects thereof, children; then of the company, first; then for his Choice; first, his opinion negatively, what should not be the wife's character; that is, neither beauty, wealth, nor education; then positively, what should be of which kind, to be a good companion, a reasonable, discreet; and as a second thing, beauty; the first only is absolutely good, the other, being well upon the first, the latter becomes so; then the application of this system to lovers' passions, which makes book 17, 18; and lastly, the only condition of a Wife's virtue.

W I F E.

EACH woman is a BRIEF of womankind,
 And doth in little e'en as much contain,
 As in one day and night all life we find ;
 Of either more is but the same again :
 God fram'd her so, that to her HUSBAND she,
 As EVE, should all the WORLD OF WOMEN be.
 So fram'd he both, that neither pow'r he gave
 Use of themselves, but by EXCHANGE to make,
 Whence in their face, the FAIR no pleasure have
 But by REFLEX of what THENCE others take.
 Our lips in their own kifs no pleasure find,
 Towards their proper face our eyes are blind.
 So God in EVE did PERFECT man BEGUN,
 Till then in vain much of himself he had,
 In ADAM, God created only ONE,
 EVE, and the world to come, in EVE he made.
 We are two HALVES, while each from other strays
 Both barren are, JOIN'D both their LIKE can
 raise.

At first both sexes were in MAN combin'd,
Man a SHEE-MAN did in his body breed,
ADAM was EVE's, EVE mother of mankind,
EVE from LIVE FLESH, man did from DUST
proceed ;

One thus made TWO, marriage doth re-unite,
And makes them both but one HERMAPHRO-
DITE.

MAN did but the well-being of his life
From WOMAN take, her BEING she from MAN,
And therefore EVE created was a WIFE,
And at the end of all her SEX began.

MARRIAGE their object is, their BEING then,
And now PERFECTION, they receive from MEN.

Marriage to all whose joys TWO PARTIES be,
And doubled are by being PARTED so,
Wherein the very act is chastity,
Whereby two SOULS into one body go ;
Which make two ONE, while here they living be,
And after death in their POSTERITY.

GOD to each MAN a private WOMAN gave,
That in that centre his desires might stint,
That he a COMFORT like himself might have,
And that on her HIS LIKE he might imprint.
DOUBLE

DOUBLE is woman's use, part of their end;
Doth on this AGE, part on the next depend.

We fill but part of TIME, and cannot die

Till we the world a fresh supply have lent;
CHILDREN are bodies sole ETERNITY,
NATURE is GODS, ART is MAN's instrument.

Now all MAN'S ART but only dead things makes,
But herein MAN in things of life partakes.

For wand'ring LUST, I know 'tis infinite,

It still begins, and adds not more to more,
The GUILT is everlasting, the DELIGHT
THIS instant doth not feel of THAT before.

The TASTE of it is only in the SENSE,
The Operation in the Conscience.

Woman is not Lusts bounds, but womankind;

ONE is love's number, who from that doth fall
Hath lost his hold, and no new REST shall find.

VICE hath no mean, but not to be at all.

A Wife, is that enough, Lust cannot find;
For Lust is still with Want, or too much, pin'd.

'Bate Lust the sin, my share is e'en with his;

For not to lust, and to enjoy, is one,
And more or less past equal nothing is,
I still have one, Lust, one at once, alone,

And tho' the woman often changed be ;
Yet he's the same without variety.

Marriage our Lust (as 'twere with fuel fire)

Doth with a med'cine of the same allay,
And not forbid, but rectify desire ;

MY SELF I cannot chuse, my WIFE I may,
And in the choice of HER, it much doth lie
To mend myself in my posterity.

Or rather let me love, than be in love ;

So let me chuse, as Wife and Friend to find ;
Let me forget her Sex, when I approve ;

Beasts Likeness lies in shape, but ours in mind.

Our souls no Sexes have, their love is clean
No sex, both in the better part are men.

But physic for our Lust their bodies be,

But matter fit to shew our love upon ;
But only Shells for our posterity,

Their souls were giv'n lest men shou'd be alone,
For, but the souls interpreters Words be,
Without which Bodies are no company.

That goodly frame we see of flesh and blood,

Their fashion is, not Weight ; it is, I say
But their LAY PART, but well digested food ;
'Tis but 'twixt Dust and Dust, life's MIDDLE
WAY. The

The worth of it is nothing that is SEEN,
But only that it holds a soul within.

And all the CARNAL beauty of my Wife
Is but skin deep, but to two senses known
Short e'en of pictures, shorter-liv'd than life,
And yet the love survives, that's built thereon.

For our imagination is too high
For bodies, when they meet to satisfy.

All shape, all colours are alike in Night ;
Nor doth our touch distinguish foul or fair :
But man's imagination, and his Sight,
And those, but the first week by custom are
Both made alike, which differ'd at first View,
Nor can that diff'rence Absence much renew.

Nor can that beauty, lying in the face,
But meerly by IMAGINATION be
Enjoy'd by us, in an INFERIOR place,
Nor can that beauty, by enjoying, we
Make ours become, so our Desire grows tame,
We changed are, but it remains the same.

Birth less than Beauty shall my reason blind,
Her BIRTH goes to my children not to me,
Rather had I, that active Gentry, find,
VIRTUE, than passive from her ancestry.

Rather in her ALIVE one virtue see,
Than all the rest dead in her Pedigree.

In the degrees, high rather be she plac'd
Of Nature, than of Art and Policy :
Gentry is but a Relick of time past,
And Love doth only but the Present see.

Things were first made, then Words ; she were
the Same
With or without that Title, or that Name.

As for (the odds of sexes,) PORTION,
Nor will I shun it, nor my aim it make ;
Birth, beauty, wealth, are nothing worth alone,
All these I wou'd for good ADDITIONS take,
Not for good PARTS ; those two are ill combin'd,
Who any third thing from themselves hath join'd ?

Rather than these the object of my Love,
Let it be good, when these with virtue go ;
They in themselves indiff'rent virtues prove ;
For GOOD, like fire, turns all things to be so.
God's image in her SOUL, O let me place
My Love upon, not ADAM's in her FACE.

GOOD is a fairer attribute than White,
'Tis the mind's beauty, keeps the other sweet,
That's not still, one nor mortal with the light,
Nor glass, nor painting, can it counterfeit ;
Not

Nor doth it raise desires, which ever tend
At once to their perfection, and their end.

By good, I wou'd have HOLY understood ;
So GOD she cannot love, but also ME :
The law requires our words and deeds be good,
Religion e'en the thoughts doth sanctify,
And she is more a MAID that ravish'd is,
Than she who only doth but WISH amiss.

LUST only by religion is withstood,
Lust's object is alive, his strength within
Morality resists, but in COLD BLOOD
Respect of Credit feareth SHAME, not SIN.

But no place DARK enough for such offence
She finds, that's WATCH'D by her own conscience.

Then may I trust her body with her mind,
And thereupon secure need never know
The pangs of JEALOUSY, and love doth find
More pain to doubt her false, than know her so.

For Patience is of evils that are known
The certain remedy, but doubt hath none.

And be that thought once stirr'd, 'twill never die,
Nor will the grief more mild by custom prove,
Nor yet AMENDMENT can it satisfy,
The Anguish more or less is as our Love.

This misery doth jealousy ensue,
That we may prove her False, but cannot true.

Suspicion may the will of Lust restrain,
But good prevents from having such a will,
A Wife that's Good doth chaste and more contain,
For chaste is but an Abstinence from ill ;
And in a Wife that's Bad, altho' the Best
Of qualities, yet in a Good the Least.

To bar the means is Care not Jealousy,
Some Lawful things to be avoided are,
When they occasion of Unlawful be ;
Lust e'er it hurts, is best descry'd afar :
Lust is a sin of Two : he that is sure
Of Either part, may be of Both secure.

Give me next Good, an Understanding Wife,
By nature Wise, not Learned by much art :
Some Knowledge on her side, will all my life
More scope of conversation impart :
Besides her inborn virtue fortify,
They are most firmly good, that best know why.

A passive Understanding to conceive,
And Judgment to discern, I wish to find ;
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leave,
Learning and Pregnant Wit in womankind.

What

What it finds malleable maketh frail,
And doth not add more Ballast, but more Sail.

Domestic charge doth best that Sex besit,
Contiguous bus'ness, so to fix the mind,
That Leisure Space for Fancies not admit,
Their Leisure 'tis corrupteth Womankind;
Else being plac'd from many Vices free,
They had to heav'n a shorter cut than we.

Books are a part of man's prerogative,
In formal ink they Thoughts and Voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make Time Present travel that of Old.
Our life Fame pierceth longer at the end,
And Books it farther backward do extend,

As Good and Knowing, let her be discreet,
That, to the other's Weight, doth Fashion
bring;

Discretion doth consider what is fit,
Goodness but what is Lawful; but the Thing
Not circumstances, Learning is, and wit
In men but curious folly without it.

To keep their name, when 'tis in other hands,
Discretion asks, their Credit is by far
More FRAIL than They, on likelihood it stands,
And hard to be disprov'd, Lust's Slanders are.

Their Carriage, not their Chastity alone,
Must keep their name chaste from Suspicion.

Womens Behaviour is a surer bar
Than is their No, that fairly doth deny ;
Without denying thereby kept they are
Safe e'en from Hope : in part to blame is she,
Which hath without Consent been only try'd,
He comes too near that comes to be deny'd.

Now since a Woman we to MARRY are,
A Soul and Body, not a Soul alone ;
When one is Good, then be the other Fair :
Beauty is Health and Beauty both in one :
Be she so fair as change can yield no gain ;
So fair, as she most women else contain.

So fair, at least, let me imagine her,
That thought to Me is Truth : Opinion
Cannot, in matter of Opinion, err :
With no eyes shall I see her, but mine own,
And as my Fancy her conceives, to be,
E'en such my senses both do Feel and See.

The Face we may the seat of Beauty call,
In it the relish of the rest doth lie ;
Nay e'en a figure of the Mind withal,
And of the Face the Life moves in the Eye.

No things else, being two, so like we see,
So like that these, Two but in number be.

Beauty in Decent Shape and Colours lies,
Colours the Matter are, and Shape the Soul ;
The Soul, which from no single Part doth rise,
But from the just proportion of the Whole ;
And is a meer Spiritual Harmony
Of ev'ry part, united in the Eye.

Love is a kind of Superstition,
Which fears the idol which itself hath fram'd ;
Lust a desire, which rather from his own
TEMPER than from the Object is inflam'd :
Beauty's love's Object, Woman's lust's to gain ;
Love, love desires ; Lust, only to Obtain.

No circumstance doth Beauty beautify,
Like graceful Fashion, native Comeliness,
Nay e'en gets pardon for Deformity :
ART cannot it beget, but may encrease.
When Nature had fix'd Beauty perfect made,
Something she left for Motion to add :

But let that Fashion more to Modesty
Find, than Assurance ; Modesty doth set
The face in her just place from Passions free :
'Tis both the Mind and Body's Beauty met.
But

But Modesty, no virtue can we see,
That is the face's only Chastity.

Where Goodness fails, 'twixt ill and ill That
stands,

Whence 'tis that Women, tho' they weaker
be,

And their desires more strong ; yet on their
Hands

The Chastity of Men doth often lie.

Lust wou'd more common be than any one,
Cou'd it, as other sins, be done Alone.

All these Good Parts a perfect Woman make,

Add Love to me, they make a perfect Wife ;

Without her Love, her Beauty thou'd I take,

As that of Pictures, dead, that gives it Life.

Till then her Beauty, like the sun, doth shine
Alike on all ; That makes it only Mine.

And of that Love, let reason Father be,

And Passion Mother ; let it from the one

His Being take, the other his Degree :

Self-love, which second loves are built upon

Will make Me, if not Her, her Love respect :

No man but favours his own worth's effect.

As Good and Wife, so be she FIT for me,
That is, to Will and not to Will the same :
My wife is my Adopted Self, and she
As me, so what I love to love must frame :

For when by marriage both in one concur,
Woman converts to man, not man to her.

THE

An ELEGY
ON THE LATE

Lord WILLIAM HOWARD,
BARON OF EFFINGHAM,
Dead the 10th of DECEMBER 1615.

I Did not know thee Lord, nor do I strive
To win access or grace with Lords alive ;
The dead I serve, from whence nor faction can
Move me, nor favour, nor a greater man,
To whom no vice commends me, nor bribe sent,
From whom no pennance warns, nor portion
spent ;
To these I dedicate as much of me
As I can spare from mine own husbandry ;
And till Ghosts walk, as they were wont to do,
I trade for some, and do their errands too.
But first I do enquire, and am assur'd
What trials in their journies they endur'd,
What certainties of honour, and of worth
Their most uncertain life-time's have brought
forth ;

And

And whoſo did leaſt hurt of this ſmall ſtore,
He is my Patron, dy'd he rich, or poor.
Firſt, I will know of Fame, after his Peace,
When Flattery and Envy both do ceaſe,
Who rul'd his Action's Reaſon, or my lord?
Did the whole Man rely upon a Word.
A Badge, a Title, or above all Chance,
Seem'd he as ancient, as his Cognizance.
What did he? Acts of Mercy, and refrain
Oppreſſion in himſelf, and in his Train.
Was his eſſential Table full as free,
As Boaſts and Invitations us'd to be?
Where, if his Ruſſet Friend did chance to dine,
Whether his fatten Man wou'd fill him Wine,
Did he think Perjury as lov'd a Sin,
Himſelf forſworn, as if his Slave had been.
Did he ſeek regular Pleaſures, was he known?
Juſt Huſband to one Wife, and ſhe his own.
Did he give freely, without Pauſe, or Doubt,
And read Petitions, e're they were worn out?
Or, ſhou'd his well-deſerving Client aſk,
Wou'd he beſtow a Tilting, or a Maſk?
To keep Need virtuous, and, that done, not fear
What Lady damn'd him, for his Abſence there?
Did he attend the Court, for no Man's Fall?
Wore he the Ruin of no Hoſpital?
And, where he did his rich Apparel don,
Put he no Widow, nor an Orphan, on?

Did

Did he love simply virtue for the thing ?
The King for no respect, but for the King ?
But, above all, did his religion wait
Upon God's throne, or on the chair of state ?
He that is guilty of no Quære here
Out-lasts his Epitaph, out-lives his heir :
But there is none such, none so little bad,
Who but this negative goodness ever had :
Of such a Lord we may expect the birth ;
He's rather in the womb than on the earth,
And 'twere a crime in such a public fate,
For one to live well, and degenerate ;
And therefore I am angry when a name
Comes to upbraid the world like EFFINGHAM ;
Nor was it modest in thee to depart
To thy eternal home, where now thou art,
E're thy reproach was ready ; or to die
E're custom had prepar'd thy calumny :
Eight days have pass'd since thou hast paid thy
Debt.

To sin, and not a libel stirring yet :
Courtiers that scoff by patent, silent sit,
And have no use of slander, or of wit :
But (which is monstrous) tho' against the tide
The watermen have neither rail'd nor ly'd,
Of good and bad there's no distinction known,
For in thy praise the good and bad are one :

It.

It seems we all are covetous of fame,
And hearing what a purchase of good name
Thou lately mad'st, are careful to encrease
Our little, by the holding of some lease
From thee our landlord, and for that th'whole
crew

Speak now, like tenants ready to renew.
It were too sad to tell thy pedigree,
Death hath disorder'd all, misplacing thee,
Whilst now thy herald, in his line of heirs,
Blots out thy name, and fills the space with tears,
And thus hath conqu'ring death, or nature rather
Made thee prepost'rous ancient to thy father,
Who grieves thou'rt so, and, like a glorious
light

Shines o'er thy hearse ; he therefore that wou'd
write,

And blaze thee thro'ly may at once say all,
Here lies the ANCHOR OF OUR Admiral.
Let others write for glory or reward,
Truth is well paid when she is sung and heard.

THE
AUTHOR'S EPITAPH:

Written by HIMSELF.

THE span of my days measur'd, here I rest,
That is, my body; but my soul, his guest,
Is hence ascended, whither neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but only Love can climb;
Where being now enlighten'd, she doth know
The truth of all men argue of below.

Only this dust doth here in pawn remain,
That, when the world dissolves, she come again.

An ELEGY

On the DEATH of the

LADY RUTLAND.

I May forget to eat, to drink, or sleep,
Rememb'ring thee, but when I do to weep
In well weigh'd lines, that men shall at thy
hearse,

Envy the sorrow which brought forth my verse.
May my dull understanding have the might
Only to know her last was yesternight :
RUTLAND the fair is dead ; or if to hear
The name of SYDNEY will more force a tear,
'Tis she that is so dead, and yet there be
Some more alive profess not Poetry ;
The statesman, and the lawyers of our time
Have bus'ness still, yet do it not in rhyme :
Can she be dead ! and can there be of those
That are so dull, to say their pray'rs in prose ?

It

It is three days since she did feel death's hand,
 And yet this isle, not called the Poet's land,
 Hath this no new one's made, and are the old
 At such a needful time as this grown cold?
 They all say they wou'd fain; but yet they plead
 They cannot write, because their Muse is dead.

Hear me then speak which will take no excuse,
 Sorrow can make a verse without a muse.
 Why did'st thou die so soon! O, pardon me,
 I know it was the longest life to thee,
 That e'er with modesty was call'd a span,
 Since the Almighty left to strive with man,
 Mankind are sent to sorrow, and thou hast
 More of the bus'ness which thou cam'st for past,
 Than all those aged women, which yet quick,
 Have quite out-liv'd their own arithmetic:
 As soon as thou cou'dst apprehend a grief,
 There were enough to meet thee, and the chief
 Blessing of women, Marriage, was to thee
 Nought but a sacrament of misery,
 For whom thou had'st, if we may trust to fame,
 Cou'd nothing change about thee, but thy name;
 A name, which, who that were again to do't,
 Wou'd change without a thousand joys to boot.
 In all things else, thou rather led'st a life
 Like a betrothed virgin than a wife:
 But yet I wou'd have call'd thy fortune kind,
 If it had only try'd thy settled mind

With

With present crosses, not the loathed thought
Of worse to come, or past, than might have
wrought

Thy best rememb'rance, to have cast an eye
Back with delight upon thine infancy;
But thou had'st e're thou knew'st the use of
tears

Sorrow laid up against thou cam'st to years,
E're thou wer't able who thou wer't to tell,
By a sad war thy noble father fell
In a dull clime, which did not understand
What 'twas to venture him to save a land;
He left two children, who for virtue, wit,
Beauty, were lov'd of all; thee, and his wit,
Two were too few, yet death has from us took
Thee, a more faultless issue than his book,
Which now the only living thing we have
From him we'll see shall never find a grave
As thou hast done; alas! wou'd it might be
That books their sexes had as well as we,
That we might see this married to the worth,
And many Poems, like itself, bring forth:
But this vain wish Divinity controuls,
For neither to the angels, nor to souls,
Nor any thing he meant shou'd ever live,
Did the wise God of nature sexes give;
Then with this everlasting work alone,
We must content ourselves, since she is gone;
Gone, like the day thou died'st upon, and we
May call that back again, as soon as thee.

Who

Who shou'd have look'd to this, where were
you all

That do yourselves the helps of nature call?
PHYSICIANS, I acknowledge you were there
To sell such words as none in health wou'd hear.
So dy'd she: curs'd be he who shall defend
Your art of hastening nature to an end:
In this you shew'd, that Physic can but be
At best an art to cure your poverty;
Impostors many of you are, and give
To sick men potions that yourselves may live;
For that hath surfeited, and cannot eat,
Must have a med'cine to procure you meat,
And that's the deepest ground of all your skill,
Unless it be some knowledge how to kill.
Sorrow and madness make my Verses flow
Cross to my understanding; for I know
You can do wonders; ev'ry day I meet
The looser sort of people in the street
From desp'rate diseases freed; and why
Restore you them, and suffer her to die?
Why shou'd the state allow you colleges,
Pensions for lectures, and anatomies,
If all your potions, vomits, lettings blood,
Can only cure the bad, and not the good?
Which only they can do; and I will show
The hidden reason why you did not know
The way to cure her; you believ'd her blood
Ran in such courses, as you understood

By

By lectures you believ'd her arteries
Grew as they do in your anatomies,
Forgetting that the State allows you none
But only whores and thieves to practise on,
And every passage about them, I'm sure,
You understood, and only them can cure;
Which is the cause that both ———
Are noted for enjoying so long lives;
But nobler blood treads in too strange a path
For your ill-got experience, and hath
Another way of cure, if you had seen
PENELOPE dissected, or the queen
Of SHEBA then you might have found a way
To have preserv'd her from that fatal day;
As 'tis, you have but made her sooner blest
By sending her to heaven; there let her rest,
I will not hurt the peace that she shou'd have
By longer looking in her quiet grave.

CHARAC-

CHARACTERS,

OR

WITTY DESCRIPTIONS,

OF THE

PROPERTIES

OF

SUNDRY PERSONS.

CHARACTERS

OF

WITTY DESCRIPTIONS

OF THE

PROPERTIES

OF

SUNDRY PERSONS

CHARACTERS,
OR
WITTY DESCRIPTIONS,
OF THE
PROPERTIES
OF
SUNDRY PERSONS.

A GOOD WOMAN.

A Good Woman is a Comfort. Like a Man, she lacks of him nothing but heat. Thence is her Sweetness of Disposition, which meets his Stoutness more pleasingly; so Wool meets Iron easier than Iron, and turns resisting into embracing. Her greatest learning is religion, and her thoughts are on own Sex, or on men, without casting the difference. Dishonesty never comes nearer than her ears, and then wonder stops it out, and saves virtue the labour. She leaves the Neat Youth telling his Luscious tales, and puts

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back the Serving Man's putting forward with a frown ; yet her kindness is free enough to be seen ; for it hath no guilt about it : and her mirth is clear, that you may look thro' it into virtue, but not beyond. She hath not behaviour at a certain, but makes it to her occasion. She hath so much knowledge as to love it, and if she have it not at home, she will fetch it, for this, sometimes in a pleasant Discontent, she dares chide her Sex, tho' she use it never the worse. She is much within, and frames outward things to her mind, not her mind to them. She wears good cloaths, but never better, for she finds no degree beyond Decency. She hath a content of her own, and so seeks not a husband, but finds him. She is indeed most, but not much of description ; for she is direct and one, and hath not the variety of ill. Now she is given fresh and alive to a husband, and she doth nothing more than love him ; for she takes him to that purpose. So his good becomes the business of her actions, and she doth herself kindness upon him. After his, her chiefest virtue is a good husband ; for She is He.

A VERY

A VERY WOMAN.

A Very WOMAN is a dough-bak'd man; or a She, meant well towards man, but tell two bows short, Strength and Understanding. Her virtue is the hedge Modesty, that keeps a man from climbing over into her faults. She simpers as if she had no teeth, but lips; and she divides her eyes, and keeps half for herself, and gives the other to her neat Youth. Being sat down, she casts her face into a platform, which dureth* the meal, and is taken away with the voider. Her draught reacheth to good manners, not to thirst, and it is a part of their mystery, not to profess hunger; but Nature takes her in private, and stretcheth her upon meat. She is Marriageable and Fourteen at once, and after she doth not live but tarry. She reads over her face every morning, and sometimes blots out pale, and writes red. She thinks she is fair, though many times her opinion goes alone, and she loves her glass and the knight of the sun, for lying. She is hid away, all but her face, and that's hung about with toys and devices, like the sign of a tavern, to draw Strangers. If she shew more, she prevents

E 3

desire,

* Last:th.

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desire, and, by too free giving, leaves no Gift. She may escape from the serving man, but not from the chambermaid. She commits with her ears for certain, after that she may go for a maid, but she hath been lain with, in her understanding. Her Philosophy is a seeming neglect of those that are too good for her. She's a younger brother for her portion, but not for her portion of wit, that comes from her in a treble, which is still too big for it; yet her Vanity seldom matcheth her with one of her own degree; for then she will beget another creature, a beggar: and commonly if she marry better, she marries worse. She gets much, by the simplicity of her suitor, and, for a jest, laughs at him without one. Thus she dresses a husband for herself, and after takes him for his patience, and the land adjoining, you may see it in a serving man's fresh NAPERIE,* and his big steps into an unknown stocking. I need not speak of his Garters, the tossel shows itself. If she love, she loves not the man, but the beast of him. She is SOLOMON's cruel creature, and a man's walking consumption: every caudle she gives him is a purge. Her chief commendation is, she brings a man to repentance.

[HER

• A Table Cloth.

HER next PART.*

HER lightness gets her to swim at top of the table, where her wry little finger bewrays† Carving her neighbours at the latter end, know they are welcome, and, for that purpose, she quencheth her thirst. She travels to and among, and so becomes a woman of good entertainment; for all the folly in the country comes in clean linnen to visit her. She breaks to them her grief, in sugar cakes, and receives from their mouths, in exchange, many stories that conclude to no purpose. Her eldest son is like her, howsoever, and that dispraiseth him best her utmost drift is to turn him fool, which commonly she obtains at the years of discretion. She takes a journey, sometimes to her niece's house, but never thinks beyond LONDON. Her Devotion is good cloaths, they carry her to church, express their stuff and fashion, and are silent. If she be more devout, she lifts up a certain number of eyes instead of prayers, and takes the sermon, and measures out a nap by it, just as long. She sends religion afore to Sixty, where she never overtakes it, or drives it before her again. Her most necessary instruments are, a Waiting Gentlewoman, and a

E 4

Chambermaid,

* Marriage-state.

† Shows.

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Chambermaid, she wears her gentlewoman still, but most often leaves the other in her chamber window. She hath a little Kennel * in her lap, and she smells the sweeter for it. The utmost reach of her Providence is the fatness of a capon, and her greatest envy is the next gentlewomans better gown. Her most commendable skill is to make her husband's fustian bear her velvet. This she doth many times over, and then is delivered to old age, and a chair, where every body leaves her.

* A Lap dog.

A. DIS.

A DISSEMBLER.

IS an essence needing a double definition ; for he is not that he appears. Unto the eye he is pleasing, unto the ear not harsh, but unto the understanding, intricate and full of windings : he is the PRIMA MATERIA,* and his intents give him form : he dyeth his means and his meaning into two colours ; he baits craft with humility, and his countenance is the picture of the present disposition. He wins not by battery but undermining, and his rack is smoothing. He allures, is not allured by his affections ; for they are the brokers of his observation. He knows passion only by sufferance, and resisteth by obeying. He makes his time an accomptant to his memory, and of the humours of men weaves a net for occasion : the inquisitor must look through his judgement, for to the eye only he is not visible.

* First Matter..

A COURTIER.

TO all mens thinking is a man, and to most men the finest ; all things else are defined by the understanding, but this by the senses ; but his surest mark is, that he is to be found only about princes. He smells, and putteth away much of his judgment about the situation of his cloaths. He knows no man that is not generally known. His wit, like the Marygold, openeth with the Sun ; and therefore he riseth not before ten of the clock. He puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronounciation than his words. Occasion* is his CUPID, and he hath but one receipt of making love. He follows nothing but inconstancy, admires nothing but beauty ; honours nothing but fortune ; loves nothing. The substance of his discourse is news, and his censure, like a shot, depends upon the charging. He is not, if he be out of court, but, fish-like, breaths destruction, if out of his own element. Neither his motion or aspect are regular ; but he moves by the upper Spheres, and is the reflection of higher substances.

If you find him not here, you shall, in PAUL's, with a tooth-peck in his hat, a cape cloak, and a long stocking.

A GOLDEN

* Time.

A GOLDEN ASS.*

IS a young thing, whose father went to the devil; he is follow'd like a proud bitch, and limb'd by him that gets up first, his disposition is cut, and knaves rent him like tenter-hooks; he is as blind as his mother, and swallows flatterers for friends. He is high in his own imagination, but that imagination as a stone, that is raised by violence, descends naturally; when he goes, he looks who looks; if he finds not good store of †vailers, he comes home stiff and seer, ‡until he be new oyl'd and water'd by his husbandmen. Wheresoever he eats, he hath an officer to warn men not to talk out of his element, and his own is exceeding sensible, because it is sensual; but he cannot exchange a piece of reason, though he can a piece of gold. He is naught pluckt§; for his feathers are his beauty, and more than his beauty, they are his discretion, his countenance, his all. He is now at an end; for he hath had the wolf of vain-glory, which he fed until himself became the food.

A F L A T.

* A Rich Fool.

† Withered.

‡ People who bow to him.

§ In the Inside.

A FLATTERER.

IS the Shadow of a Fool. He is a good wood-man, for he singleth out none but the wealthy. His carriage is ever of the colour of his patient, and for his sake he will halt, or wear a wry neck. He dispraiseth nothing but poverty and small drink, and praiseth his grace in every trifle. He sellet himself with reckoning his great friends, and teacheth the present how to win his praises, by reciting the others gifts: he is ready for all employments, but especially before dinner; for his courage, and his stomach go together. He will play any upon his countenance, and where he cannot be admitted for a counsellor, he will serve as a fool. He frequents the court of wards and ordinarys, and fits these guests of TOGÆ VIRILIS* with wives or whores. He entereth young men into acquaintance and debt books. In a word, he is the impression of the last term, and will be so until the coming of a new term or termier.

An

* The Robe of Manhood, or the Dress the ROMANS put on when arrived at Man's Estate.

An Ignorant GLORY HUNTER.

IS an INSECTUM ANIMAL*; for he is the maggot of opinion, his behaviour is another thing from himself, and is glew'd, and but set on. He entertains men with repetitions, and returns them their own words. He is ignorant of nothing, no not of those things where ignorance is the lesser shame. He gets the names of good wits, and utters them for his companions. He confesses vices that he is guiltless of, if they be in fashion, and dares not salute a man in old cloaths, or out of fashion. There is not a public assembly without him, and he will take any pains for an acquaintance there. In any shew he will be one, though he be but a Whiffer,† or a torch-bearer, and bears down strangers with the story of his actions. He handles nothing that is not rare, and defends his wardrobe, diet, and all customs, with entitling their beginnings from princes, great soldiers, and strange nations. He dares speak more than he understands, and adventures his words without the relief of any seconds. He relates battles and skirmishes,

* A Living Insect.

† Alluding to a young Man, who waits on the Livery Companies in Processions, so call'd, a mean trifling Office.

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skirmishes, as from an eye witness, when his eyes thievishly beguiled a ballad of them. In a word, to make sure of admiration he will not let himself understand himself, but hopes fame and opinion will be the readers of his riddles:

A TIME-

A TIMEIST.*

IS a noun adjective of the present tense ; he hath no more of a conscience than fear, and his religion is not his, but the prince's. He reverences a courtier's servant's servant ; Is first his own slave, and then whosoever looketh big ; when he gives he curseth, and when he sells he worships. He reads the statutes in his chamber, and wears the bible in the streets ; he never praiseth any but before themselves or friends, and mislikes no great man's actions during his life. His new years gifts are ready at Allhallowmas, and the suit he meant to mediate before them. He pleaseth the children of great men, and promiseth to adopt them, and his curtesy extends itself even to the stable. He strains to talk wisely, and his modesty would serve a bride. He is gravity from the head to the foot ; but not from the head to the heart : you may find what place he affecteth ; for he creeps as near it as may be, and as passionately courts it, if at any time his hopes are effected he swelleth with them, and they burst out too good for the vessel. In a word, he danceth to the tune of fortune, and studies for nothing but to keep time. An

* A Time-server, a Turn-coat or Vicar of BRAY.

The AMORIST.*

I Sa certain blasted, or planet stricken thing,
and is the dog, that leads blind CUPID;
when he is at the best, his fashion exceeds the
worth of his weight. He is never without ver-
ses, and musk confections, and sighs to the ha-
zard of his buttons; his eyes are all white,
either to wear the livery of his mistress's com-
plexion, or to keep CUPID from hitting the
black. He fights with passion, and looses
much of his blood, by his weapon, dreams;
thence his paleness. His arms are carelessly
used, as if their best use were nothing but em-
bracements. He is untruss'd, unbutton'd,
and ungarter'd, not out of carelessness, but
care, his farthest end being but going to bed.
Sometimes he wraps his petition in neatness;
but it goeth not alone, for then he makes
some other quality moralize his affection, and
his trimness is the grace of that grace. Her
favour lifts him up, as the sun moisture;
when she dis-favours, unable to hold that hap-
piness, it falls down in tears: His fingers are
his orators, and he expresseth much of himself
upon some instrument. He answers not, or

not

* Lover.

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not to the purpose ; and no marvel, for he is not at home. He scotcheth time with dancing with his mistress, taking up her glove, and wearing her feather. He is confin'd to her colour, and dares not pass out of the circuit of her memory. His imagination is a fool, and it goeth in a py'd coat of red and white ; Shortly, he is translated out of a man into folly ; his imagination is the glass of lust, and himself the traitor to his own discretion.

A N

AFFECTED TRAVELLER.

IS a speaking fashion, he hath taken pains to be ridiculous, and hath seen more than he hath perceived. His attire speaks FRENCH or ITALIAN, and his Gate says, Behold me. He censures all things, by countenances, and shruggs, and speaks his own language with shame and lisping. He will choak, rather than confess Beer good drink, and his pick-tooth is a main part of his behaviour. He chuseth rather to be counted a Spy, than not a Politician, and maintains his reputation, by naming great men familiarly. He chuseth rather to tell lyes, than not wonders; and talks with men singly, his discourse sounds big, but means nothing, and his boy is bound to admire him howsoever. He comes still from great personages, but goes with mean. He takes occasion to shew jewels, given him in regard of his virtue, that were bought in ST. MARTIN'S; and not long after, having, with a Mountebank's method, pronounced them worth thousands, pawneth them for a few shillings. Upon festival days, he goes to court,

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court, and salutes, without resaluting. At night in an ordinary, he canvasseth the business in hand, and seems as conversant with all intents and plots, as if he begot them. His extraordinary account of men is, first to tell them the ends of all matters of consequence, and then to borrow money of them, he offereth courtesies, to shew them, rather than himself, humble. He disdains all things above his reach, and preferreth all countries before his own. He imputeth his wants and poverty to the ignorance of the time, not his own unworthiness, and concludes his discourse with half a period, or a word, and leaves the rest to imagination. In a word, his religion is fashion, and both body and soul are governed by fame; he loves most voices above truth.

A WISE

A WISE MAN.

IS the truth of the true definition of man, that is a reasonable creature. His disposition alters, he alters not, he hides himself with the attire of the vulgar, and in indifferent things is content to be governed by them, he looks according to nature, so goes his behaviour, his mind enjoys a continual smoothness, so cometh it, that his consideration is always at home, he endures the faults of all men silently, except his friends, and to them he is the mirror of their actions, by this means his peace cometh not from fortune but himself, he is cunning in men, not to surprize but keep his own, and beats off their ill affected humours no otherwise than if they were flies, he chuseth not friends by the subsidy book, and is not luxurious after acquaintance, he maintains the strength of his body, not by delicacies, but temperance, and his mind by giving it preminence over his body, he understands things, not by their form, but qualities, and his comparisons intend not to excuse but to provoke him higher, he is not subject to casualties, for fortune hath nothing to

CHARACTERS, 162. 93

do with the mind, except those drowned in the body, but he hath divided his soul, from the care of his soul, whose weakness he assists no otherwise than commiseratively, not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus, and will be thus, and lives subject neither to time nor his frailties, the servant of virtue and by virtue, the friend of the highest.

A NOBLE

A NOBLE SPIRIT.

HATH survey'd and fortified his disposition and converts all occurrences into experience, between which experience and his reason there is marriage, the issue are his actions. He circuits his intents, and seeth the end before he shoots. Men are the instruments of his art, and there is no man without his use occasion incites him, none enticeth him, and he moves by affection; not for affection, he loves glory, scorns shame, and governeth and obeyeth with one countenance, for it comes from one consideration. He calls not the variety of the world chances, for his mediation hath travelled over them, and his eyes mounted upon his understanding, seeth them as things underneath. He covers not his body with delicacies, nor excuseth these delicacies by his body, but teacheth it, since it is not able to defend its own imbecility to shew or suffer. He licenceth not his weakness; to wear fate, but knowing reason to be no idle gift of nature, he is the steers man of his own destiny. Truth is his goddess, and he takes pains to get her, not to look like her, he knows

the

the condition of the world, that he must act one thing like another, and then another, to these he carries his desires, and not his desires him, and sticks not fast by the way, (for that contentment is repentance,) but knowing the circle of all courses, of all intents, of all things to have but one center or period. Without all distraction he hasteth thither and ends there as his true natural element. He doth not contemn fortune, but not confests her, he is no gamester of the world (which only complain and praise her,) but being only sensible of the honesty of actions, contemns a particular profit as the excrement or scum. Unto the society of men he is a Sun, whose clearness directs their steps in a regular motion. When he is more particular he is the wise mans friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him, and he feels age more by the strength of his soul than the weakness of his body. Thus feels he no pain, but esteems all such things as friends, that desire to file off his fetters, and help him out of prison.

An

An OLD MAN.

IS a thing that hath been a man in his days. Old men are to be known blind-folded for their talk is as terrible as their resemblance. They praise their own times as vehemently as if they would sell them. They become wrinkled with frowning and facing youth. They admire their old customs even to the eating of red herring and going wet shod. They call the thumb under the girdle gravity, and because they can hardly smell at all their posy's are under their girdles. They count it an ornament of speech to close the period with a cough, and it is venerable they say to spend time in wiping their drivell'd beards. Their discourse is unanswerable by reason of their obstinacy, their speech is much tho' little to the purpose, truths and lyes pass with an equal affirmation, for their memories, several are worn into one receptacle, and so they come out with one sense. They teach their servants their dutys with as much scorn and tyranny as some people teach their dogs to fetch. Their envy is one of their diseases.

They

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They put off and on their cloaths with that certainty, as if they knew their heads wou'd not direct them, and therefore custom shou'd. They take a pride in halting and going stiffly, and therefore their staves are carved and tipped; they trust their attire with much of their gravity, and they dare not go without a gown in summer. Their hats are brushed to draw mens eyes from their faces, but of all their POMANDERS are worn to most purpose, for their putrefied breath ought not to want either a smell to defend, or a dog to excuse.

A

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

IS a thing out of whose corruption the generation of a justice of peace is produced. He speaks statutes and husbandry well enough to make his neighbours think him a wise man ; he is well skill'd in arithmetic or rates and hath eloquence enough to save his two-pence. His conversation among his tenants is desperate, but among his equals full of doubt ; his travel is seldom farther than the next market town, and his inquisition is about the price of corn ; when he travelleth he will go ten miles out of the way to a cousin's house of his to save charges, and rewards the servants by taking them by the hand when he departs. Nothing under a SUBPÆNA can draw him to LONDON, and when he is there he sticks fast upon every object, casts his eyes away upon gazing, and becomes a prey of every cut purse. When he comes home those wonders serve him for his holiday talk ; if he goes to court, it is in yellow stockings, and if it be in winter, in a slight taffety cloak and pumps and pantoles. He is chained that woos
 — the

CHARACTERS. &c. 99

the usher for his coming into the presence, where he becomes troublesome with the ill management of his rapier, and the wearing his girdle of one fashion, and the hangers of another. By this time he hath learned to kiss his hand and make a leg both together, and the names of lords and counsellors, he hath thus much toward entertainment and courtesy, but of the last he makes more use, for by the recital of my lord he conjures his poor countrymen, but this not his element he must go home again being like a Dor * that ends his flight in a dunghill.

* A Drone Bee.

A FINE GENTLEMAN.

IS the Cinnamon tree, whose bark is more worth than his body ; he hath read the book of good manners, and by this time each of his limbs may read it ; he alloweth of no judge but the eye, painting, bolstring and bombasting are his orators ; by these also he proves his industry, for he hath purchased legs, hair, beauty, and straitness more than nature left him. He unlocks maiden-heads with his language, and speaks EUPHUES * not so gracefully as heartily ; his discourse makes not his behaviour, but he buys it at court as countrymen do their cloaths in Birchin-lane ; he is somewhat like the SALAMANDER, and lives in the flame of love, which pains he expresseth comically, and nothing grieves him so much as the want of a poet to make an issue in his love, yet he sighs sweetly and speaks lamentably, for his breath is perfumed and his words are wind ; he is best in season at Christmas, for the boar's head and reveller come together ; his hopes are laden in his quality,

* A Book of the then most fashionable phrase.

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lity, and least fiddlers should take him unprovided, he whistles his own galliard; he is a calender of ten years, and marriage rusts him; afterwards he maintains himself an implement of household by carving and ushering, for all this he is judicial only in taylors and barbers, but his opinion is ever ready and ever idle. If you will know more of his acts, the broker's shop is the witness of his valour, where lies wounded dead, rent and out of passion, many a spruce suit overthrown by his fantastickness.

A Elder BROTHER.

IS a creature born to the best advantage of things without him, that hath the start at the beginning, but loiters it away before the ending ; he looks like his land, as heavily and dirtily as stubbornly ; he dares do any thing but fight, and fears nothing but his father's life and minority. The first thing he makes known is his estate, and the loadstone that draws him is the upper end of the table ; he wooeth by a particular, and his strongest argument is the jointure, his observation is all about the fashion, and he commends partlets for a rare device, he speaks no language, but smells of dogs, or hawks, and his ambition flies justice height ; he loves to be commended and he will go into the kitchen but he will have it ; he loves glory, but is so lazy as he is content with flattery ; he speaks most of the precedency of age, and protests fortune the greatest virtue : He summoneth the old servants and tells what strange acts he will do when he reigns ; he verily believes house keepers the best common wealths men, and therefore

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fore studies baking, brewing, greasing, and such, as the limbs of goodness. He judgeth it no small sign of wisdom to talk much, his tongue therefore goes continually his errand but never speeds: If his understanding were not honefter than his will no man should keep good conceit by him, for he thinks it no theft to sell all he can to opinion; his 'pedigree and his father's seal ring are the stilts of his crazed disposition, he had rather keep company with the dregs of men, than not to be the best man; his insinuation is the inviting of men to his house, and he thinks it great modesty to comprehend his cheer under a piece of mutton and a rabbit; if he by this time be not known, he will go home again, for he can no more abide to have himself concealed than his land; yet he is as you see good for nothing, except to make a stallion to maintain the race.

A

BRAGGADOCIO WELSHMAN

IS the oyſter that the pearl is in, for a man may be pickt out of him ; he hath the abilities of the mind in POTENTIA and ACTU nothing but boldneſs ; his cloaths are in faſhion before his body, and he accounts boldneſs the chiefeſt virtue; above all he loves an herald, and ſpeaks pedigrees naturally. He accounts none well deſcended that call him not couſin, and prefers OWEN GLEN-DOWER before any of the nine worthies : The firſt note of his familiarity is the confeſſion of his valour, and ſo he prevents quarrels ; he voucheth Welch a pure and unconquered language, and courts ladies with a ſtory of their chronicle. To conclude, he is precious in his own conceit, and upon St. DAVY's day without compariſon.

A PEDANT.

HE treads in a rule, and one hand scans verses, and the other holds his sceptre. He dares not think a thought that the nominative case governs not the verb, and he never had meaning in his life, for he travelled only for words. His ambition is criticism, and his example TULLY. He values phrases and elects them by the sound, and the eight parts of speech are his servants. To be brief, he is an HETEROCLITE, for he wants the plural number, having only the single quality of words.

A SERVING-MAN.

IS a creature, which tho' he be not drunk is not his own man. He tells without asking who owns him, by the superscription of his livery, his life is for ease and leisure much about GENTLEMAN-LIKE. His wealth enough to suffice nature, and sufficient to make him happy, if he were sure of it, for he hath little, and wants nothing, he values himself higher or lower as his master is ; he hates or loves the men as his master doth the master. He is commonly proud of his master's horses or his Christmas ; he sleeps when he is sleepy, is of his religion only ; the clock of his stomach is set to go an hour after his. He seldom breaks his own cloaths. He never drinks but double, for he must be pledged, nor commonly without some short sentence nothing to the purpose, and seldom abstains till he comes to be a thirst. His discretion is to be careful for his master's credit, and his sufficiency to marshal dishes at a table and carve well. His neatness consists much in his hair and outward linnen. His courting language, visible bawdy jests, and against his matter fails,
 he

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he is always ready furnished with a song. His inheritance is the chambermaid, but often purchaseth his master's daughter, by reason of opportunity or for want of a better; he always cuckolds himself, and never marries but his own widow; his master being appeased he becomes a retainer, and entails himself and his posterity upon his heir males for ever.

AN

AN HOST.

IS the kernel of a sign, or the sign is the shell, and mine host is the snail; he consists of double beer and fellowship, and his vices are the bawds of his thirst. He entertains humbly, and gives his guests power as well of himself as house. He answers all men's expectations to his power, save in the reck'ning, and hath gotten the trick of greatness, to lay all mistakes upon his servants. His wife is the cummin-feed of his dove-house, and to be a good guest is a warrant for her liberty. He traffics for guests by men's friend's friend's friend, and is sensible only of his purse. In a word, he is none of his own, for he neither eats drinks or thinks, but at other men's charges and appointments.

AN OSTLER.

IS a thing that scrubbeth unreasonably his horse, reasonably himself. He consists of travellers, tho' he be none himself. His highest ambition is to be host, and the invention of his sign is his greatest wit; for the expressing whereof he sends away the painters for want of understanding. He hath certain charms for a horse mouth, that he shou'd not eat his hay, and behind your back he will cozen your horse to his face; his curry-comb is one of his best parts, for he expresses much by the jingling, and his mane comb is a spinner's card turn'd out of service. He puffs and blows over your horse to the hazard of a double jugg, and leaves much of the dressing to the proverb of *muli mutuo scabient*, one horse rubs another. He comes to him that calls loudest, not first; he takes a broken head patiently, but the knave he feels not; his utmost honesty is good fellowship, and he speaks northern what countryman soever. He hath a pension of ale from the next smith and fadler for intelligence; he loves to see you ride, and holds your stirrup in expectation.

A GOOD

A GOOD WIFE.

IS a man's best moveable, a scion incorporate with the stock, bringing sweet fruit, one who to her husband is more than a friend, less than trouble, an equal with him in the yoke. Calamities and troubles she shares alike, nothing pleases her that doth not him. She is relative in all, and he without her, but half himself. She is his absent hands, eyes, ears, and mouth, his present and absent all; she frames her nature unto his howsoever, the hyacinth follows not the sun more willingly, stubbornness and obstinacy are herbs that grow not in her garden. She leaves tatling to the gossips of the town, and is more seen than heard; her household is her charge, her care to that makes her seldom non-resident. Her pride is but to be cleanly, and her thrift not to be prodigal. By her discretion she hath children not wantons, a husband without her is a misery in man's apparel, none but she hath an aged husband, to whom she is both a staff and a chair. To conclude, she is both wise and religious, which makes her all this.

A ME-

A MELANCHOLY MAN.

IS a strayer from the drove, one that nature made sociable because she made him a man and crazed disposition hath alter'd, unpleasing to all, as all to him; straggling thoughts are his content, they make him dream waking, there's his pleasure. His imagination is never idle, it keeps his mind in a continual motion, as the poise the clock; he winds up his thoughts often, and as often unwinds them. Penelope's web thrives faster, he'll seldom be found without the shade of some grove, in whose bottom a river dwells; he carries a cloud in his face, never fair weather; his outside is framed to his inside, in that he keeps a decorum, both unseemly. Speak to him he hears with his eyes, ears follow his mind, and that's not at leisure. He thinks of business but never does any; he is all contemplation no action; he hews and fashions his thoughts as if he meant them to some purpose, but they prove unprofitable as a piece of wrought timber to no use. His spirits and the sun are enemies, the sun bright and warm, his humour black and cold. Variety of foolish apparitions

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partitions people his head, they suffer him not to breathe, according to the necessity of nature, which makes him sup up a draught of as much air at once as would serve at thrice. He denies nature her due in sleep, and over pays her with watchfulness; nothing pleases him long but that which pleases his own fancies, they are the consuming evils, and evil consumptions that consume him alive. Lastly he is a man only in shew, but comes short of the better part, a whole reasonable soul, which is man's chief pre-eminence and sole mark from creatures sensible.

A SAILOR.

IS a pitched piece of reason caulk'd and tackled; and only studied to dispute with tempests. He is part of his own provision, for he lives ever pickled; a fair wind is the substance of his creed, and fresh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious; for he is ever climbing out of sight as naturally he fears, for he is ever flying; time and he are every where, ever contending who shall arrive first; he is well winded, for he tires the day, and out runs darkness; his life is like a hawk's, the best part mewed, and if he lives till three coats, is a master. He sees God's wonders in the deep, but so as they rather appear his play-fellows, then stirrers of his zeal; nothing but hunger and hard rocks can convert him, and then but his upper deck neither, for his hold neither fears nor hopes; his sleeps are but reprievals of his dangers, and when he awakes 'tis but next stage to dying: his wisdom is the coldest part about him, for it ever points to the north, and it lies lowest, which makes his valour every tide o'erflow it. In a storm 'tis disputable, whether the noise
be.

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be more his or the elements, and which will first leave scolding? on which side of the ship he may be saved best? whether his faith be starboard faith, or larboard, or the helm at that time not all his hope of heaven? his keel is the emblem of his conscience, till it be split he never repents, then no farther than the land allows him. His language is a new confusion, and all his thoughts new nations; his body and his ship are both one burthen, nor is it known who stows most wine or rowls most, only the ship is guided, he has no stern, a barnacle and he are bred together both of one nature, and 'tis seared one reason; upon any but a wooden horse he cannot ride, and if the wind blows against him he dare not, he swarms up to his seat as to a sail yard, and cannot sit unless he bear a flag staff; if ever he be broken to the saddle 'tis but a voyage still, for he mistakes the bridle for a bowling, and is ever turning his horse tail; he can pray, but 'tis by rote, not faith, and when he wou'd he dares not, for his brackish belief hath made that ominous. A rock or a quick sand pluck him before he be ripe, else he is gathered to his friends at Wapping.

A SOL-

A SOLDIER.

IS the husbandman of valour, his sword is his plough, which honour and aqua vitæ, two fiery nettled jades, are ever drawing. A younger brother best becomes arms, an elder the thanks for them ; every heat makes him a harvest, and discontents abroad are his sowers ; he is actively his princes, but passively his angers servant. He is often a desirer of learning, which once arrived at, proves his strongest armour, he is a lover at all points, and a true defender of the faith of women, more wealth than makes him seem a handsome foe, lightly he covets not, less is below him ; he never truly wants but in much having, for then his ease and lechery afflict him ; the word peace, tho' in prayer makes him start, and God he best considers by his power ; hunger and cold rank in the same file with him and hold him to a man, his honour else and the desire of doing things beyond him, would blow him greater than the sons of ANACK ; his religion is commonly as his cause is, doubtful, and that the best devotion keeps best quarter, he seldom sees grey hairs, some none
at

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at all, for where the sword fails, there the flesh gives fire ; in charity he goes beyond the clergy, for he loves his greatest enemy best, much drinking. He seems a full student, for he is a great desirer of controversies ; he argues sharply, and carries his conclusion in his scabbard, in the first refining of mankind this was the gold, his actions are his ammel * his allay (for else you cannot work him perfectly) continual duties, heavy and weary marches, lodgings as full of need as cold diseases : No time to argue but to execute ; line him with these, and link him to his squadrons, and he appears a most rich chain for princes.

* An old word for Enamel.

A T A Y L O R

IS a creature made up of shreds, that were pared off from ADAM, when he was rough cast, the end of his being differeth from that of others, and is not to serve God, but to cover sin; other mens pride is his best patron, and their negligence a main passage to his profit: He is a thing of more than ordinary judgment, for by virtue of that, he buyeth land, buildeth houses, and raiseth the low set roof of his crofs legged fortune. His actions are strong encounters, and for their notorioufness always upon record. It is neither AMADIS DE GAUL, nor the knight of the SUN that is able to resist them; a ten groats fee setteth them on foot, and a brace of officers bringeth them to execution; he handleth the Spanish pike to the hazard of many poor Egyptian vermin, and in shew of his valour scorneth a greater gauntlet than will cover the top of his middle finger; of all weapons he most affecteth the long bill, and this he will manage to the great prejudice of a customer's estate; his spirit notwithstanding is not so much as to make you think him a man, like
a true

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a true mongrel, he neither bites nor barks but when your back is towards him. His heart is a lump of congealed snow, PROMETHEUS was asleep while it was making, he differeth altogether from God, for with him the best pieces are still marked out for damnation, and without hope of recovery shall be cast down into hell; he is partly an alchymist, for he extracteth his own apparel out of other mens cloaths, and when occasion serveth, making a brokers-shop his alembick, can turn your silks into gold, and having furnished his necessities, after a month or two if he be urged unto it, reduce them again to their proper substance. He is in part likewise an arithmetician, cunning enough in multiplication and addition, but cannot abide subtraction, SUMMA TOTALIS is the language of his canaan, and USQUA AD ULTIMUM QUADRANTEM, the period of all his charity. For any skill in geometry I dare not commend him, for he could never yet find out the dimensions of his own conscience, notwithstanding he hath many bottoms, it seemeth this is always bottomless; he is double yarded, and yet his female complaineth of want of measure, and so with a LIBERA NOS A MALO, I leave you, promising to mend whatsoever is amiss at his next sitting.

A PURITAN.

IS a diseased piece of apocrypha, bind him to the bible, and he corrupts the whole text ; ignorance and fat feed are his founders, his nurses railing, rabbies and round breeches ; his life is but a borrowed blast of wind, for between two religions as between two doors he is ever whistling. Truly whose child he is, is yet unknown, for willingly his faith allows no father, only thus far his pedigree is found, bragger and he flourished about a time first ; his fiery zeal keeps him continually costive, which withers him into his own translation, and till he eat a school-man he is hide bound ; he ever prays against non-residents, but is himself the greatest discontinuer, for he never keeps near his text ; any thing that the law allows but marriage, and march beer he murmurs at, what it disallows and holds dangerous, makes him a disciple : Where the gate stands open, he is ever seeking a stile, and where his learning ought to climb, he creeps through ; give him advice, you run into traditions, and urge a modest course

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course he cries out counsels ; his greatest care is to condemn obedience, his last care to serve God handsomely and cleanly ; he is now become so cross a kind of teaching, that shou'd the church enjoin clean shirts, he were lousy ; more sense than single prayers is not his, nor more in those than still the same petitions, from which he either fears a learned faith, or doubts God understands not at first hearing ; shew him a ring he runs back like a bear, and hates square dealing as allied to caps ; a pair of organs blow him out o'the parish, and are the only glister pipes to cool him ; where the meat is best there he confutes most, for his arguing is but the efficacy of his eating ; good bits he holds breeds good positions, and the pope he best concludes against in plum broth. He is often drunk, but not as we are temporally, nor can his sleep then cure him, for the fumes of his ambition makes his very soul reel, and that small beer that should allay him (silence) keeps him more surfeited, and makes his heat break out in private houses ; women and lawyers are his best disciples, the one next fruit longs for forbidden doctrine ; the other to maintain forbidden titles, both which he sows among them. Honest he dare not be, for that loves order, yet if he can be brought to ceremony, and made but master of it he is converted.

A WHORE.

A W H O R E.

IS a high way to the devil; he that looks upon her with desire, begins his voyage; he that stays to talk with her mends his pace, and who enjoys her, is at his journey's end. Her body is the tilted lees of pleasure, dashed over with a little decking to hold colour; taste her, she's dead, and falls upon the palate; the sins of other women shew in landscape far off and full of shadow, hers in statue near hand, and bigger than the life; she pricks betimes, for her stock is a white thorn; which cut and grafted on, she grows a medlar; her trade is opposite to any other, for she sets up without credit, and too much custom breaks her; the money that she gets is like a traitor's, given only to corrupt her, and what she gets serves but to pay diseases; she is ever moor'd in sin, and ever mending, and after thirty she is the surgeon's creature. Shame and repentance are two strangers to her, and only in an hospital acquainted, she lives a reprobate like CAIN still branded, finding no habitation but her fears, and flies the face of justice like a felon. The first year of her trade she is an eyesse,* scratches and cries to

* A young hawk just taken out of the nest.

G

draw

draw on more affection, the second a SORE,* the third a RAMMAGE † whore, the fourth and fifth she is an INTERMEWER, ‡ preys for herself and rifles all she reaches, from thence to ten, she bears the name of *white* || whore, for then her blood forsakes her with salt rheums, and now she has mewed § three coats, now she grows weary and diseased together, favours her wing, checks little, but lies for it; bathes for her health, and scours to keep her cool, yet still she takes in stores, she fires herself else, the next remove is HAGGARD,* still more cunning, and if my art deceive me not, still more crazy; all cares and cures are doubled now upon her, and line her perch, or now she mews her pounces, at all these years she flies at fools and kills too; the next is buzzard † bawd, and there I leave her.

* A hawk is so call'd from her being taken from the nest till she has cast her feathers,

† A hawk that is wild and coy, as having not been long among the boughs preying for herself.

‡ A hawk from her first coat till she grows white.

|| A hawk grown white with age.

§ Cart or molted.

* A wild Hawk,

† A sluggard.

A VERY WHORE.

IS a woman. She enquires out all the great meetings, which are medicines for her itching; she kisseth open mouth'd, and spits in the palms of her hands to make them moist. Her eyes are like free booters living upon the spoil of stragglers, and she baits her desires with a million of prostitute countenances and enticements; in the light she listneth to parties, but in the dark she understands signs best. She will sell her smock for cuffs, and so her shoes be fine, she cares not, though her stockings want feet; her modesty is curiosity, and her smell is one of her best ornaments; she passeth not a span breadth. And to have done, she is the cook and the meat, dressing herself all day, to be tasted with the better appetite at night.

A

MEER COMMON LAWYER,

IS the best shadow to make a discreet one shew the fairer. He is a *Materia Prima*, informed by reports, actuated by statutes, and hath his motion by the favourable intelligence of the court. His law is always furnished with a commission to arraign his conscience, but upon judgment given he usually sets it at large; he thinks no language worth knowing but his BARRAGOVIN,* only for that point he hath been a long time at war with PRISCIAN for a northern province. He imagines that by superexcellency his profession only is learning, and that its a profanation of a temple to his THEMIS dedicated, if any of the liberal arts be there admitted to offer strange incense to her. For indeed he is all for money; seven or eight years squire him out, some of his nation left standing, and ever since the night of his call, he forgot much, what he was at dinner; the next morning his man (*in Actu* or *Potentia*) enjoys his pickadels, † his laundress is then shrewdly troubled in fitting him

* Wrangling at the Bar.

† His left off cloaths.

a ruff,

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a ruff, his perpetual badge. His love letters of the last year of his gentlemanship are stufft with discontinuances, remitters and *encore pretts*, but now being enabled to speak in proper person, he talks of a French hood, instead of a jointure, wages his law, and joins issue: then he begins to stick his letters in his ground chamber-window, that so the superscription may make his squireship transparent. His heraldry gives him place before the minister, because the law was before the gospel: next term he walks his hoop sleeved gown to the hall, there it proclaims him. He feeds fat in the reading, and till it chanches to his turn, dislikes no house order so much, as that the month is so contracted to a fortnight; among his country neighbours he arrogates as much honour for being reader of an inn of chancery, as if it had been of his own house, for they poor souls take law and conscience, court and chancery for all one. He learned to frame his cases from putting riddles, and imitating MERLIN's prophecies, and so set all the cross row together by the ears, yet his whole law is not able to decide LUCIAN's one old controversy between Taw and Sigma; he accounts no man of his cap and coat idle, but who trots not the circuit. He affects no life or quality for itself but for gain, and

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that at least for the stating him in a justice of peace-ship, which is the first quickning soul super added to the elementary and inanimate form of his new title. His terms are his wives vacations, yet she then may usurp divers court days, and hath her returns *In Mensem*, for writs of entry often shorter; his vacations are her termers: But in assize time (the circuit being long) he may have a tryal at home against him by *Nisi Prius*. No way to heaven he thinks so wise as through WESTMINSTER HALL, and his clerks commonly thro' it, visit both heaven and hell, yet then he oft forgets his journey's end, although he looks on the STAR-CHAMBER; neither is he wholly destitute of the arts, GRAMMAR he hath enough to make terminations of those words which his authority hath endenizon'd. RHETORIC some, but so little that its thought a concealment. LOGIC enough to wrangle. ARITHMETIC enough for the ordinals of his year books, and number rolls, but he goes not to MULTIPLICATION, there's a statute against it. So much GEOMETRY that he can advise in a *Perambulatione Facienda* or a *Rationalibus Divisis*. In ASTRONOMY and ASTROLOGY he is so far seen, that by the dominical letter, he knows the holidays, and finds by calculation that Michaelmas term will

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will be long and dirty. Marry he knows so much in MUSIC, that he affects only the most and cunningest discords, rarely a perfect concord, especially song, except *In fine*. His skill in PERSPECTIVE endeavours much to deceive the eye of the law, and gives many false colours. He is specially practised in NECROMANCY (such a kind as is out of the statute of Primo) by raising many dead questions: what sufficiency he hath in CRITICISM, the foul copies of his special pleas will tell you.

Many of the same coat which are much to be honoured, partake of divers of his indifferent qualities, but so that discretion, virtue, and sometimes other good learning, concurring and distinguishing ornaments to them, make them as a foil to set their worth on.

A MEER SCHOLAR,

IS an intelligible ass, or a silly fellow in black, that speaks sentences more familiarly than sense. The antiquity of his university is his creed, and the excellency of his college (tho' but for a match at foot ball) an article of his faith; he speaks latin better than his mother tongue, and is a stranger in no part of the world, but his own country; he usually tells great stories of himself to small purpose, for they are commonly ridiculous, be they true or false; his ambition is that he either is or shall be a graduate, but if ever he get a fellowship he has then no fellow. In spite of all LOGIC he dare swear and maintain it, that a cuckold and a townsman are * *Termini Convertibiles*, though his mother's husband be an ALDERMAN; he was never gotten (as it seems) without much wrangling, for his whole life is spent in Pro and Contra; his tongue goes always before his wit, like a gentleman usher, but somewhat faster; that he is a compleat gallant in all points, Cap a Pie, witness his horsemanship, and the wearing of his weapons; he is commonly

* *Terminus* was the God of Boundaries, therefore these are changeable *Termini*.

long

long winded, able to speak more with ease than any man can endure to hear with patience. University jests are his universal discourse, and his news the demeanour of the proctors; his phrase, the apparel of his mind, is made of divers shreds like a cushion, and when it goes plainest hath a rash outside, and suttian linings. The current of his speech is closed with an Ergo, and whatever be the question, the truth is on his side; 'tis a wrong to his reputation to be ignorant of any thing, and yet he knows not, that he knows nothing; he gives directions for husbandry from VIRGIL's Georgics; for cattle from his Bucolics; for warlike stratagems from his Æneids, or CÆSARS commentaries; he orders all things by the book, is skilful in all trades, and thrives in none; he is led more by his ears, than his understanding, taking the sound of words for their true sense, and does therefore confidently believe that ERRA PATER was the father of heretics. RODOLPHUS AGRICOLA, a substantial farmer, and will not stick to aver that SYSTEMA's logic doth excel KECHEMANS; his ill luck is not so much in being a fool, as in being put to such pains to express it to the world, for what in others is natural, in him with much ado is artificial; his poverty is his happiness, for it makes some men believe that he is none of fortunes

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favourites. That learning which he hath, was in nonage put in backward like a clyster, and it is now like ware mislaid in a pedlar's pack, he has it, but knows not where it is. In a word, he is the index of a man, and the title page of a scholar, or a puritan in morality, much in profession, nothing in practice.

A TINKER,

IS a moveable, for he hath no abiding place, by his motion he gathers heat, thence his choleric nature. He seems to be very devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage, and sometimes in humility goes bare-foot, therein making necessity a virtue. His house is as ancient as TUBAL CAIN's, and so is a renegade by antiquity, yet he proves himself a gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a philosopher, for he bears all his substance about him. From his art was music first invented, and therefore is he always furnished with a song, to which his hammer keeping tune, proves that he was the first founder of the kettle drum. Note, that where the best ale is, there stands his music most upon crotchets. The companion of his travels is some foul sun-burnt quean; that since the terrible statute recanted gypsism, and is turned pedlarefs. So marches he all over England with his bag and baggage; his conversation is irreproveable, for he is ever mending. He observes truly the statutes, and therefore had rather steal than

than beg, in which he is irremoveably constant in spite of whips or imprisonment, and so strong an enemy to idleness, that in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want work; and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally ancient customs, conversing in open fields and lowly cottages; if he visit cities or towns, 'tis but to deal upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which with canting proves him a linguist. He is entertained in every place, but enters no farther than the door, to avoid suspicion. Some would take him to be a coward, but believe it he is a lad of mettle; his valour is commonly three or four yards long, fastened to a pike in the end for flying off. He is very provident, for he will fight with but one at once, and then also he had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he scape Tyburn and Banbury he dyes a beggar.

An APPARATOR,*

IS a chick of the egg Abuse, hatched by the warmth of Authority; he is a bird of rapine, and begins to prey and feather together. He croaks like a raven against the death of rich men, and so gets a legacy unbequeathed; his happiness is in the multitude of children, for their increase is his wealth, and to that end, he himself yearly adds one. He is a cunning hunter, uncoupling his intelligencing hounds under hedges, in thickets, and corn fields, who follow the chace to city-suburbs, where often his game is at covert; his quiver hangs by his side, stuf with silver arrows, which he shoots against church gates, and private men's doors, to the hazard of their purses and credit. There went but a pair of shears between him and the pursuivant of hell, for they both delight in sin, grow richer by it, and are by justice appointed to punish it, only the devil is more cunning, for he picks a living out of others gains. His living lieth in his eyes, which like spirits he sends through chinks, and key holes, to survey the places of darkness, for which purpose he

* Or messenger of the spiritual court, who summons people to appear.

studies

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studies the opticks, but can discover no colour but black, for the pure white of chastity dazzles his eyes. He is a catholic, for he is every where, and with a politic, for he transforms himself into all shapes. He travels on foot to avoid idleness, and loves the church intirely, because it is the place of his edification. He accounts not all sins mortal, for fornication with him is a venal sin, and to take bribes a matter of charity ; he is collector for burnings, and losses at sea, and in casting account can readily substract, the lesser from the greater sum. Thus lives he in a golden age, till death by a process summons him to appear.

AN
ALMANACK MAKER,

IS the worst part of an astronomer; a creature compounded of figures and cyphers, out of which he scores the fortune of a year, not so profitably as doubtfully. He is tenant by custom to the planets, of whom he holds the twelve houses by lease parole; to them he pays yearly rent, his study and time, yet lets them out again with all his heart for forty shillings per annum. His life is meerly contemplative, for his practice is worth nothing, at least not worthy of credit; and if by chance he purchase any, he looseth it again at the year's end, for time brings truth to light. **PTOLOMY** and **TICHO BRAHE** are his patrons, whose volumes he understands not, but admires, and the rather because they are strangers, and so easier to be credited than controuled. His life is upright, for he is always looking upward, yet he dares believe nothing above *Primum Mobile*, for 'tis out of the reach of his Jacob's staff. His charity extends no farther than to mountebanks, and sow-gelders, to whom he bequeaths

queaths the seasons of the year to kill or torture by. The verses in his book have a worse pace than ever had ROCHESTER's hackney; for his prose 'tis dappled with inkhorn terms, and may serve for an almanac; but for his judging at the uncertainty of weather, any old shepherd shall make a dunce of him. He would be thought the devil's intelligencer for stolen goods; if ever he steals out of that quality, as a fly turns to a maggot, so the corruption of the cunning man is the generation of an emperic. His works fly forth in small volumes, yet not all, for many ride post to chandler's and tobacco shops in folio. To be brief, he falls three degrees short of his promises, yet is he the key to unlock terms and law-days, a dumb MERCURY to point out high-ways, and a bailiff of all marts and fairs in England. The rest of him you shall know next year; for what he will be then, he himself knows not.

An HYPOCRITE

IS a gilded pill, composed of two virtuous ingredients, natural dishonesty, and artificial dissimulation; simple fruit, plant or drug; he is none, but a deformed mixture, bred betwixt evil nature and false art, by a monstrous generation, and may well be put into the reckoning of those creatures that God never made. In church or commonwealth, (for in both this mongrel weed will shoot) it is hard to say, whether he be physic, or a disease, for he is both in divers respects. As he is gilt with an outside of seeming purity, or as he offers himself to you, to be taken down in a cup, or taste of golden zeal and simplicity, you may call him physic. Nay, and never let potion give patient good stool; if being truly tasted and relished; he be not so loathsome to the stomach of any honest man. He is also physic in being as commodious for use, as he is odious in taste, if the body of the company, into which he is taken can make true use of him. For the malice of his nature makes him so informer-like dangerous, in taking advantage of any thing

thing done or said, yea, even to the ruin of his makers; if he may have benefit, that such a creature in a society makes men as careful of their speeches and actions, as the sight of a cut-purse, in a throng makes them watchful over their purses and pockets; he is also in this respect profitable physic, that his conversation being once truly tasted and discovered; the hateful foulness of it, will make those that are not fully like him to purge all such diseases as are rank in him out of their own lives; as the sight of some citizens on horseback, made a judicious man amend his own faults in horsemanship. If none of these uses can be made of him, let him not long offend the stomach of your company; your best way is to spew him out. That he is a disease in the body, where he liveth were as strange a thing to doubt, as whether there be knavery in horse coursers; for if among sheep the rot, among dogs the mange, among horses the glanders, among men and women the northern itch, and the French ach be diseases, an hypocrite cannot but be the like in all states and societies that breed him. If he be a clergy hypocrite, then all manner of vice is for the most part so proper to him, as he will grudge any man the practice of it but himself; like that grave burgess, who being

desired

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desired to lend his cloaths to represent a part in a comedy, answered, no, by his leave, he would have no body play the fool in his cloaths but himself. Hence, are his so austere reprehensions of drinking healths, lascivious talk, usury and unconscionable dealings, when as himself hating the profane mixture of malt and water, will by his own good will let nothing come within him but the purity of the grape, when he can get it at another's cost; but this must not be done neither, without a preface of seeming lothness, turning up the eyes, moving the head, laying hands on the breast, and protesting he would not do it; but to strengthen his body, being even consumed with dissembling zeal, and tedious, and thankless babbling to God and his audience. And for the other vices, do but venture the making yourself private with him, or trusting him, and if you come off without a savour of the air, which his soul is infected with, you have great fortune. The fardle of all this ware that is in him, you shall commonly see carried upon the back of those two beasts that live within him, ignorance and imperiousness, and they may well serve to carry other vices; for of themselves they are insupportable. His ignorance acquits him of all science, human or divine;

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divine ; and of all language, but his mother's, holding nothing pure, holy, or sincere, but the senseless collections of his own crazed brain, the zealous fumes of his inflamed spirit, and the endless labours of his eternal tongue ; the motions whereof, when matter and words fail, (as they often do) must be patched up to accomplish his four hours in a day at least, with long and fervent hums ; any thing else, either for language or matter he cannot abide, but thus censureth **LATIN** the language of the beast ; **GREEK** the tongue wherein the heathen **POETS** wrote their fictions ; **HEBREW** the speech of the Jews that crucified **CHRIST** ; controversy does not edify ; **LOGIC** and **PHILOSOPHY** are the subtilties of **SATAN**, to deceive the simple ; human stories profane, and not favouring of the **SPIRIT** ; in a word all decent and sensible form of speech and preservation, though in his own tongue vain ostentation. And all this is the burden of his ignorance ; saving that sometimes idleness will put in also, to bear a part of the baggage. His other beast imperiousness, is yet more proudly loaden ; it carries a burden, that no cords of authority, spiritual or temporal, should bind if it might have the full swing ; no **PILATE**, no **PRINCE** should

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should command him ; nay, he will command them ; and at his pleasure censure them ; if they will not suffer their ears to be fettered with the long chains of his tedious collations ; their purses to be emptied with the inundations of his unsatiable humour, and their judgments to be blinded with the muffler of his zealous ignorance. For this doth he familiarly insult over his maintainer that breeds him ; his PATRON, that feeds him, and in time over all them, that will suffer him to set a foot within their doors, or put a finger in their purses. All this and much more is in him ; that abhorring degrees, and universities as relicks of superstition, hath leaped from a shop-board, or a cloak bag, to a desk or pulpit ; and that like a sea god in a pageant, hath the rotten laths of his culpable life and palpable ignorance, covered over with the painted cloth of a pure gown, and a night cap, and with a false trumpet of feigned zeal draws after him some poor nymphs and mad men that delight more to resort to dark caves and secret places, than to open, and public assemblies. The lay hypocrite, is to the other a champion, disciple, and subject, and will not acknowledge the tythe of the subjection to any MITRE, no, nor to any SCEPTRE, that he will

do

do to the hook and crook of his zeal-blind shepherd. No Jesuits demand more blind and absolute obedience from their vassals, no magistrates of the canting society more slavish subjection from the members of that travelling state, than the clerk hypocrites expect from these lay pupils. Nay, they must not only be obeyed, fed, and defended, but admired too, and that their lay followers do as sincerely as a shirtless fellow with a cudgel under his arm doth a face-wringing ballad-singer, a water bearer on the floor of a play-house, a wide mouthed Poet that speaks nothing but bladders and bombast. Otherwise for life and profession, nature and art, inward and outward, they agree in all like canters and Gypsies; they are all zeal, no knowledge; all purity, no humanity; all simplicity, no honesty; and if you never trust them, they will never deceive you.

MAQUERELA, in plain English a **BAWD**,

IS an old charcoal, that hath been burnt herself, and therefore is able to kindle a whole green coppice. The burden of her song is like that of **FRIAR BACON'S HEAD**, time is, time was, and time is past; in repeating which, she makes a wicked brazen face and weeps in the cup, to allay the heat of her **AQUA VITÆ**. Her teeth are fallen out, marry her nose and chin intend very shortly to be friends, and meet about it. Her years are sixty and odd, that she accounts her best time of trading, for a **BAWD** is like a medlar, she's not ripe, till she be rotten. Her envy is like that of the devil to have all fair women like her; and because it is impossible they should catch it being so young, she hurries them to it by diseases. Her park is a villanous barren ground, and all the Deer in it are rascal; yet poor cottagers in the country that know her but by hearsay, think well of her; for what she encloses to day, she makes common to morrow. Her goods
and

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and herself are all removed in one sort, only she makes bold to take the upper hand of them, and to be carted before them; the thought of which makes her she cannot endure a posset, because it puts her in mind of a bason; she sits continually at a rackt rent, especially if her landlord bear office in the parish, for her moveables in the house, besides her quick cattle, are not worth an inventory, only her beds are most commonly in print; she can easily turn a sempstress into a waiting gentlewoman, but her wardrobe is most infectious, for it brings them to the falling sickness. She hath only this one shew of temperance; that let a gentleman send for ten pottles of wine in her house, he shall have but ten quarts, and if he want it that way, let him pay for't and take it out in stew'd prunes. The justices clerk stands many times her very good friend, and works her peace with the justice of quorum. Nothing joys her so much as the coming over of strangers, nor daunts her so much as the approach of shrove tuesday. In fine, not to foul more paper with so foul a subject; he that has passed under her, hath passed the EQUINOCTIAL; he that hath escaped her, hath escaped worse than the CALENTURE.

about 1000. women of names common to men
has

A CHAM-

A CHAMBER MAID,

IS her mistress's she secretary, and keeps the box of her teeth, her hair, and her painting very private; her industry is up stairs, and down stairs like a drawer, and by her dry hand you may know she is a fore starcher; if she be at her master's bed's feet, she is quit of the green sickness for ever, for she hath terrible dreams, when she is awake, as if she were troubled with the night-mare; she hath a good liking to live in the country, but she holds LONDON the goodliest forest in ENGLAND to shelter a great belly. She reads GREEN's works over and over, but is so carried away with the MIRROR of KNIGHTHOOD, she is many times resolved to turn out herself, and become a lady errant. If she catch a clap, she divides it so equally between the master and the serving man, as if she had cut out the getting of it by a thread, only the knave makes her bowl booty, and over reach the master. The pedant of the house, though he promise her marriage, cannot grow farther inward with her; she hath paid for her credulity often,

H

and

and now grows weary. She likes the form of our marriage very well ; in that a woman is not tied to answer to any articles concerning question of her virginity ; her mind, her body, and her cloaths are parcels loosely tacked together, and for want of good utterance, she perpetually laughs out her meaning. Her mistress and she help away time, to the idlest purpose that can be, either for love, or money. In brief these chambermaids are like lotteries, you may draw twenty e'er one worth any thing.

A P R E C I S I A N.

TO speak no otherwise of this varnish-
ed rottenness, than in truth and ve-
rity he is ; I must define him to be a demure
creature, full of oral sanctity, and mental
impiety ; a fair object to the eye, but stark
nought for the understanding, or else a vio-
lent thing much given to contradiction. He
will be sure to be in opposition with the Pa-
pist, though it be sometimes accompanied
with an absurdity like the islanders near ad-
joining to CHINA, who salute by putting off
their shoes, because the men of CHINA do
it by their hats. If at any time he fast, it is
upon Sunday, and he is sure to feast upon
Friday. He can better afford you ten lies,
than one oath, and dare commit any sin gild-
ed with a pretence of sanctity; he will not
stick to commit fornication or adultery, so it
be done in the fear of GOD, and for the pro-
pagation of the godly, and can find in his
heart to lye with any whore, save the whore
of BABYLON. To steal he holds it lawful,
so it be from the wicked, and EGYPTIANS;
he had rather see ANTICHRIST than a picture

in the church window, and chofes fooner to be half hanged, than fee a leg at the name of JESUS, or one ftand at the CREED. He conceives his prayer in the kitchen, rather than in the Church, and is of fo good difcourse, that he dares challenge the ALMIGHTY to talk with him extempore. He thinks every organift is in a ftate of damnation, and had rather hear one of ROBERT WISDOM's Pfalms, than the beft hymn a CHERUBIM can fing. He will not break wind without an apology, or asking forgivenefs, nor kifs a woman for fear of luffing after her. He hath nick named all the prophets and apoftles with his fons, and begets nothing but virtues for daughter's. Finally he is fo fure of his falvation, that he will not change places in heaven with the VIRGIN MARY, without boot.

A N

INNS of COURT MAN,

IS distinguished from a scholar by a pair of silk stockings and a beaver hat, which makes him contemn a scholar, as much as a scholar does a schoolmaster. By that he hath heard one * mootings, and seen two plays, he thinks as basely of the university, as a young sophister does of the Grammar school. He talks of the university, with that state, as if he were her chancellor; finds fault with alterations, and the fall of discipline, with an "it was not so when I was a student," although that was within this half year. He will talk ends of latin, though it be false, with as great confidence as ever CICERO could pronounce an oration, though his best authors for it, are taverns and ordinaries. He is as far behind a courtier in his fashion, as a scholar is behind him, and the best grace in his behaviour, is to forget his acquaintance. He laughs at every man whose band sits not well, or that hath not a fair shoe tye, and

* Pleading a cause.

is ashamed to be seen in any man's company who wears not his cloaths well. His very essence he places in his outside, and his chief prayer is, that his revenues may hold out for taffaty cloaks in summer, and velvet in the winter. For his recreation, he had rather go to a citizen's wife, than a bawdy house, only to save charges; and he holds fee-tail to be absolutely the best tenure. To his acquaintance, he offers two quarts of wine, to one he gives; you shall never see him melancholy, but when he wants a new suit, or fears a serjeant, at which time only he betakes himself to Ploydon. By that he hath read LITTLETON, he can call SOLON, LYCURGUS, and JUSTINIAN fools, and dares compare his law to a LORD chief JUSTICE's.

A

A Meer FELLOW of a HOUSE,

IS one whose hopes commonly exceed his fortunes, and whose mind soars above his purse, If he hath read TACITUS, GUI-CHARDINE, or GALLI-BELGICUS, he contemns the late LORD TREASURER for all the state policy he had, and laughs to think what a fool he could make of SOLOMON if he were now alive. He never wears new cloaths, but against a commencement, or a good time, and is commonly a degree behind the fashion. He hath sworn to see LONDON once a year, though all his business be to see a play; walk a turn in PAULS, and observe the fashion. He thinks it a discredit to be out of debt, which he never likely clears, without resignation money. He will never leave the part he has in the privilege over young gentlemen in going bare to him, for the empire of GERMANY. He prays as heartily for a sealing, as a cormorant does for a dear year, though he commonly spends that revenue before he receives it. At meals

he sits in as great state over his penny commons, as ever VITELLIUS did at his greatest banquet, and takes great delight in comparing his fare to my LORD MAYOR's. If he be a leader of a faction, he thinks himself greater than ever CÆSAR was, or the TURK at this day is, and he had rather loose an inheritance, than an office when he stands for it. If he be to travel, he is longer furnishing himself for a five miles journey, than a ship is rigging for a seven years voyage. He is never more troubled, than when he is to maintain talk with a woman, wherein he commits more absurdities, than a clown in eating of an egg. He thinks himself as fine when he is in a clean band, and a new pair of shoes, as any courtier doth, when he is first in a new fashion. Lastly, he is one that respects no man in the university, and is respected by no man out of it.

A

WORTHY COMMANDER in the WARS,

IS one that accounts learning the nourishment of military virtue, and lays that as his first foundation. He never stains his sword but in heat of battle, and had rather save one of his own soldiers, than kill ten of his enemies. He accounts it an idle, vain-glorious and suspected bounty to be full of good words; his rewarding therefore the deserver, arrives so timely, that his liberality can never be said to be gouty handed. He holds it next his creed, that no coward can be an honest man, and dare die in it. He does not think his body yields a more spreading shadow after a victory, than before; and when he looks upon his enemy's dead body, 'tis with a kind of noble heaviness, not insultation; he is so honourably merciful to women in surprisal, that makes him an excellent courtier. He knows the hazards of battles, not the pomp of ceremonies are soldiers' best theatres, and strives to gain reputation, not by the multitude, but by the greatness of

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his actions. He is first in giving the charge, and the last in retiring his foot; equal toil he endures with the common soldier; from his example they all take fire, as one torch lights many; he understands in war there is no mean to err twice, the first and least fault being sufficient to ruin an army, faults therefore he pardons none; they that are presidents of disorder, or mutiny repair it by being examples of justice. Besiege him never so strictly, so long as the air is not cut from him, his heart faints not. He hath learned as well to make use of a victory, as to get it, and in pursuing his enemy, like a whirlwind carries all before him, being assured if ever a man will benefit himself upon his foe, then is the time, when they have lost force, wisdom, courage, and reputation. The goodness of his cause is the special motive of his valour, never is he known to slight the weakest enemy that comes armed against him in the hand of justice. Hasty and over much heat he accounts the step-dame to all great actions that will not suffer them to thrive; if he cannot overcome his enemy by force, he does it by time. If ever he shakes hands with war, he can die more calmly than most courtiers, for his continual dangers have been as it were so many meditations of death; he
thinks

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thinks not out of his own calling, when he accounts life a continual warfare, and his prayers then best become him when armed: cap A PEE; he utters them like the great Hebrew general on horseback. He casts a smiling contempt upon calumny, it meets him as if a glass should encounter an adamant. He thinks war is never to be given over, but on one of these three conditions, an assured peace, absolute victory, or an honest death. Lastly, when peace folds him up, his silver head should lean near the golden sceptre, and die in his prince's bosom.

A

Vain glorious COWARD in COMMAND,

IS one that hath bought his place, or come to it by some nobleman's letter; he loves a life dead pays, yet wishes they may rather happen in his company by a scurvy, than by a battle. View him at a muster, and he goes with such noise, as if his body were the wheelbarrow that carried his judgment rumbling to drill his soldiers. No man can worse define between pride and noble courtesy; he that salutes him, not so far as a pistol carries level, gives him the disgust or affront, chuse you whether. He trains by the book, and reckons so many postures of the pike and musket as if he were counting at noddys; when he comes at first upon a * camifado, he looks like the four winds in painting, as if he would blow away the enemy; but at the very first onset suffers fear and trembling to dress themselves in his face apparently. He scorns any man should take place before him, yet at the entering of a breach, he hath been so humble minded as to let his lieutenant lead his

* Surprise by night.

troops.

troops. He is so sure armed for taking hurt, that he seldom does any, and while he is putting on his arms, he is thinking what sum he can make to satisfy his ransom. He will rail openly against all the great commanders of the adverse party, yet in his own conscience allows them far better men, such is the nature of his fear, that contrary to all other filthy qualities, it makes him think better of another man than himself. The first part of him that is set a running is his eye sight, when that is once struck with terror, all the costive phyfic in the world cannot stay him; if ever he do any thing beyond his own heart, it is for a knighthood, and he is the first who kneels for it without bidding.

A P Y R A T E,

TRULY defined is a bold traytor, for he fortifies a castle against the king: give him sea room in never so small a vessel, and like a witch in a sieve, you would think he were going to make merry with the devil. Of all callings, he is the most desparate; for he will not leave off his thieving, though he be in a narrow prison, and look every day (by tempest or fight) for execution. He is one plague the devil hath added to make the sea more terrible than a storm, and his heart is so hardned in that rugged element, that he cannot repent, though he views his grave (before him) continually open; he hath so little his own, that the house he sleeps in is stolen; all the necessities of life he filches, but one, he cannot steal a sound sleep, for his troubled conscience. He is very gentle to those under him, yet his rule is the horri- blest tyranny in the world, for he gives li- cence to all rape, murder, and cruelty in his own example; what he gets is of small use to him, only lives by it somewhat the longer to do a little more service to his belly, for he
throws

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throws away his treasure upon the shore in riot, as if he cast it into the sea. He is a cruel hawk that flies at all but his own kind, and as a whale never comes ashore, but when she is wounded, so he very seldom, but for his necessities. He is the merchants book, that serves only to reckon up his losses, a perpetual plague to noble traffic; the hurricane of the sea, and the earthquake of the exchange. Yet for all this, give him but his pardon, and forgive him restitution, he may live to know the inside of a church, and die on this side Wapping.

AN ORDINARY FENCER

IS a fellow, that beside shaving of cudgels has a good insight into the world, for he hath long been beaten to it. Flesh and blood he is, like other men, but surely nature meant him STOCK FISH; his and a dancing school are inseperable adjuncts, and are bound, though both stink of sweat most abominably, neither shall complain of annoyance; three large bavins set up his trade with a bench, which in the afternoon, he uses for his day bed, for a firkin to piss in, he shall be allowed that, by those who make allum; when he comes on the stage at his prize, he makes a leg seven several ways, and scrambles for money, as if he had been born at the Bath in Somersetshire; at his challenge he shews his metal, for contrary to all rules of physick, he dare bleed, though it be in the dog days; he teaches devilish play in his school, but when he fights himself, he does it in the fear of a good christian. He compounds quarrels among his scholars, and when he hath brought the business to a good upshot, he makes the reckoning. His wounds
are

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are seldom above skin deep ; for an inward bruise, lamb-stones and sweet-breads are his only SPERMA CETI, which he eats at night, next his heart fasting ; strange school-masters they are, that every day set a man as far backward as he went forward, and throwing him into a strange posture, teach him to thresh satisfaction out of injury. One sign of a good nature is, that he is still open breast-ed to his friends, for his foil and his doublet wear not above two buttons ; and resolute he is, for he so much scorns to take blows, that he never wears cuffs, and he lives better contented with a little, than other men ; for if he have two eyes in his head, he thinks nature hath over done him. The Lord Mayor's triumph makes him a man, for that's his best time to flourish. Lastly, these fencer's are such things, that care not if all the world were ignorant of more letters, than only to read their patent.

A PUNY

A PUNY CLERK

IS taken from the Grammar-school half coddled, and can hardly shake off his dreams of breeching in a twelve month. He is a farmer's son, and his father's utmost ambition is to make him an ATTORNEY. He doth itch towards a poet, and greases his breeches extreamly with feeding without a napkin. He studies false dice to cheat costermongers, and is most chargeable to the butler of some inn of chancery, for pissing in their green pots. He eats ginger-bread at a playhouse, and is so faucy, that he ventures fairly for a broken pate, at the banquetting house, and has it. He would never come to have any wit, but for a long vacation, for that makes him bethink him how he shall shift another day. He prays hotly against fasting, and so he may sup well on friday nights; he cares not though his master be a puritan. He practises to make the words in his declaration spread, as a sewer doth the dishes at a niggards table; a clerk of a swooping dash, is as commendable as a Flanders horse with a large tail. Though you be ne-

ver

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ver so much delayed, you must not call his master knave, that makes him go beyond himself and write a challenge in court hand, for it may be his own another day. There are some certain of his liberal faculties, but in the term time his clog is a buckram bag. Lastly, which is great pity, he never comes to his full growth, with bearing on his shoulder the sinful burden of his master, at several courts in WESTMINSTER.

A FOOTMAN,

LET him be never so well made, yet his legs are not matches, for he is still setting the best foot forward; he will never be a staid man, for he has had a running head of his own, ever since his child-hood. His mother (who out of question was a light heel'd wench) knew it, yet let him run his race, thinking age would reclaim him from his wild courses. He is very long winded, and without doubt, but that he hates naturally to serve on horseback, he had proved an excellent trumpet. He has one happiness above all the rest of the serving men, for when he most over reaches his master, he's best thought off. He lives more by his own heat than the warmth of cloaths, and the waiting woman hath the greatest fancy to him, when he is in his close trouses. Gards he wears none, which makes him live more upright than any gross gartered gentleman usher. 'Tis impossible to draw his picture to the life, because a man must take it as he's running; only this, horses are usually let blood on St. STEPHEN's day, on St. PATRICK's he takes rest, and is drenched for all the year after.

A NOBLE

A

NOBLE and RETIRED
HOUSE KEEPER,

IS one whose bounty is limited by reason, not ostentation, and to make it last, he deals it discreetly as we sow the furrow, not by the sack, but by the handful. His word and his meaning never shake hands and part, but always go together. He can survey good and love it, and loves to do it himself, for its own sake, not for thanks. He knows there is no such misery, as to outlive a good name, nor no such folly, as to put it in practice. His mind is so secure, that THUNDER rocks him to sleep, which breaks other men's slumbers; NOBILITY lightens in his eyes, and in his face and gesture, is painted the God of HOSPITALITY. His great houses bear in their front more duration than state, unless this add the greater state to them, that they promise to outlast much of our new fantastical building. His heart grows old no more than his memory, whether at his book, or on horseback; he passes his
time

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time in such noble exercise; a man cannot say any time is lost by him, nor hath he only years to approve, he hath lived till he be old but virtues. His thoughts have a high aim, though their dwelling be in the vale of an humble heart, whence, as by an engine (that raises water to fall, that it may rise higher) he is heightned in his humility. The ADAMANT serves not for all seas, but his doth, for he hath as it were, put a gird about the whole world, and sounded all her quicksands. He hath his hand over fortune, that her injuries how violent or sudden soever, does not daunt him, for whether his time call him to live or die, he can do both nobly; if to fall, his descent, is breast to breast with virtue, and even then like the SUN, near his set he shows unto the world his clearest countenance.

A N

INTRUDER into FAVOUR,

IS one that builds his reputation on others infamy, for slander is most commonly his morning prayer. His passions are guided by pride, and followed by injustice; an inflexible anger against some poor suitor, he falsely calls a courageous constancy, and thinks the best part of gravity to consist in a ruffled forehead. He is the most slavishly submissive, though envious of those who are in better place than himself, and knows the art of words so well, that for shrouding dishonesty under a fair pretext, he seems to preserve mud in chrystal; like a man of a kind nature, he is first good to himself, in the next file, to his French taylor, that gives him all his perfection, for indeed like an Ostrich, or bird of paradise, his feathers are more worth than his body. If ever he do a good deed, which is very seldom, his own mouth is the chronicle of it, least it should die forgotten. His whole body goes all upon SCREWS, and his face is the VICE that moves them. If his patron

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patron be given to music, he opens his chops and sings, or with a wry neck falls a tuning his instrument; if that fail, he takes the height of his lord with a hawking pole; he follows the man's fortune, not the man, seeking thereby to encrease his own. He pretends he is most undeservingly envied, and cries out remembring the game chess, that a pawne before a king is most played on. Debts he owes none, but shrew'd turns, and those he pays e're he be sued. He is a flattering glass to conceal age, and wrinkles. He is mountains monkey, that climbing a tree, and skipping from bough to bough, gives you back his face, but come once to the top; he holds his nose up to the wind, and shews you his tail, yet all this gay glitter shews on him, as if the SUN shone in a puddle, for he is a small-wine that will not last, and when he is falling, he goes of himself faster than misery can drive him.

A

FAIR and HAPPY MILKMAID,

IS a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all FACE-PHYSIC out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions: nature hath taught her too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises therefore with Chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfu. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glore, or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golded ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they

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wished

wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair, and in chusing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them; only a friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the spring time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

A N

ARRANT HORSE-COURSER

HATH the trick to blow up horse-flesh, as a butcher does veal, which will puff out again in twice riding between WALTHAM and LONDON. The trade of spur-making had decayed long since, but for this ungodly tire-man. He is curst all over the four antient highways of ENGLAND. None but the blind men that sell switches in the road are beholden to him. His stable is filled with so many diseases, one would think most parts about Smithfield were an hospital for horses, or a slaughter-house for the common-hunt. Let him furnish you with a hackney, 'tis as much as if the king's warrant overtook you within ten miles to stay your journey; and though a man cannot say he couzens you directly, yet any ostler within ten miles, should he be brought upon his oath, will affirm he hath laid a bait for you. Resolve when you first stretch yourself in the stirrups you are put, as it were, upon some usurer, that will never bear with you past his day. He were

good to make one that had the cholic alight often, and (if example will cause him) make urine, let him only for that say gramercy horse. For his sale of horses, he hath false covers for all manner of diseases, only comes short of one thing (which he despairs not utterly to bring to perfection) to make a horse go on a wooden leg and two crutches. For powdering his ears with quicksilver, and giving him suppositories of live eels, he is expert. All the while you are cheapening he fears you will not bite, but laughs in his sleeve when he hath cozened you in earnest. Frenchmen are his best chapmen, he keeps amblers for them on purpose, and knows he can deceive them very easily. He is so constant to his trade, that while he is awake he tires any man he talks with, and when he's asleep he dreams very fearfully of the paving of Smithfield, for he knows it would founder his occupation.

A ROARING BOY.

HIS life is a mere counterfeit patent, which nevertheless makes many a country justice tremble. DON QUIXOTE's water-mills are still Scotch bagpipes to him. He sends challenges by word of mouth; for he protests (as he is a gentleman, and a brother of the sword) he can neither write nor read. He hath run through divers parcels of land, and great houses, besides both the competers. If any private quarrel happen among our great courtiers, he proclaims the business, that's the word, the business, as if the united forces of the Roman catholics were making up for GERMANY. He cheats young gulls that are newly come to town, and when the keeper of the ordinary blames him for it, he answers him, in his own profession, that a WOODCOCK must be plucked if he be drest. He is a supervisor to brothels, and in them is a more unlawful reformer of vice than prentices on shrove-tuesday. He loves his friend as a counsellor at law loves the velvet breeches he was first made barrister in. He'll

be sure to wear him threadbare e'er he forsake him. He sleeps with a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, and his first prayer in the morning is he may remember who he fell out with over night. Soldier he is none, for he cannot distinguish between onion-seed and gunpowder: if he has worn it in his hollow tooth for the tooth-ach, and so come to the knowledge of it, that's all. The tenure by which he holds his means is an estate at will, and that's borrowing. Landlords have but four quarter-days, but he three hundred and odd. He keeps very good company, yet is a man of no reckoning; or when he goes not drunk to bed, he is very sick next morning. He commonly dies, like ANACREON, with a grape in his throat, or HERCULES, with fire in his marrow. And I have heard of some (that have escaped hanging) begged for anatomies, only to deter men from taking tobacco.

A DRUN-

A

DRUNKEN DUTCHMAN
RESIDENT in ENGLAND,

IS but quarter-master with his wife. He stinks of butter as if he were anointed all over for the itch. Let him come over never so lean, and plant him but one month near the brew-houses in St. Catherine's, and he'll be puffed up to your hand like a bloated herring. Of all places of pleasure he loves a common garden, and with the swine of the parish, had need to be ring'd for rooting. Next to these, he affects lotteries naturally, and bequeaths the best prize in his will afore-hand ; when his hopes fail he's blank. They swarm in great tenements like flies; six households will live in a garret. He was wont only to make us fools to buy the best fox-skin for three pence, and sell the tail for a shilling. Now his new trade of brewing strong waters makes a number of madmen. He loves a Welchman extreamly for his diet and orthography, that is, for plurality of consonants
and

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and cheefe. Like a horse he's only guided by the mouth. When he's drunk you may thrust your hand into him like an eel-skin, and strip him inside outwards. He hoards up fair gold, and pretends 'tis to seeth in his wife's broth for a consumption, and loves the memory of king HENRY VIII, most especially, for his old sovereigns : he says we are unwise to lament the decay of timber in England, for all manner of building, or for fortification whatever ; he desires no other thing in the world than barrels and hop poles. To conclude, the only two plagues he trembles at, are small beer, and the Spanish inquisition.

A FAN-

A FANTASTIC,

An improvident YOUNG GALLANT.

THERE is a confederacy between him and his cloaths, to be made a puppy ; view him well, and you'll see his gentry fits as ill upon him, as if he had bought it with his penny. He hath more places to send money to, than the devil hath to send his spirits, and to furnish each mistress, would make him run beside his wits, if he had any to loose. He accounts bashfulness the wickedest thing in the world, and therefore studies impudence: If all men were of his mind, all honesty would be out of fashion ; he withers his cloaths on the stage, as a salesman is forced to do his suits in Birchin-lane, and when the play is done, if you mark his rising, 'tis with a kind of walking epilogue between the two candles, to know if his suit may pass for current ; he studies by the discretion of his barber to frizzle like a Baboon ; three such would keep three of the nimblest barber's in the town from ever having leisure to wear net garters ; for when they have to do with him, they have many irons in the fire. He is tra-

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velled but to little purpose, only went over for a squirt, and came back again, yet never the more mended in his conditions, because he carried himself along with him. A scholar he pretends himself, and says, he has sweat for it; but the truth is, he knows CORNELIUS far better than TACITUS; his ordinary sports are cock-fights, but the most frequent horse races, from whence he comes home dry foundered. Thus when his purse hath cast her calf, he goes down into the country, where he is brought to milk and white cheese, like the SWITZERS.

A BUT-

A

B U T T O N M A K E R
of AMSTERDAM,

IS one that is fled over from his conscience, and left his wife and children upon the parish. For his knowledge, he is meerly a horn book without a Christ cross before it, and his zeal consists much in hanging his bible in a Dutch button; he cozens men in the purity of his cloths, and 'twas his only joy when he was on this side to be in prison; he cries out, 'tis impossible for any man to be damn'd, that lives in his religion, and his equivocation is true, so long as a man lives in it he cannot, but if he die in it there's the question. Of all feasts in the year, he accounts St. GEORGE's feast the most prophane, because of St. GEORGE's cross; yet sometimes he doth sacrifice to his own belly, provided that he put off the wake of his own nativity, or wedding till Good Friday. If there be a great feast in the town, though most of the wicked as he calls them be there, he will be sure to be a guest, and to out-eat
six

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six of the fatest BURGHERS ; he thinks tho' he may not pray with a Jew, he may eat with a Jew ; he winks when he prays, and thinks that he knows the way so well to heaven, that he can find it blind fold. Latin he accounts the language of the beast, with seven heads, and when he speaks of his own country, cries he is fled out of BABEL. Lastly, his devotion is obstinacy, the only solace of his heart's contradiction, and his main end hypocrisy.

A

DISTASTER of the TIME,

IS a winter grafshopper all the year long, that looks back upon harvest, with a lean pair of cheeks, never sets forward to meet it; his malice sucks up the greatest part of his own venom, and therewith poisoneth himself, and this sickness rises rather of self opinion, or over great expectation, so in the conceit of his own overworthyness like a COISTRELL, he strives to fill himself with wind, and flies against it. Any man's advancement, is the most capital offence that can be to his malice; yet this envy like PHALARIS' BULL, makes that a torment; first for himself, he prepared for others; he is a day bed for the devil to slumber on, his blood is of a yellowish colour, like those that have been bitten by vipers, and his gall flows as thick in him as oyl in a poisoned stomach. He infects all society, as thunder sowers wine; war or peace, death or plenty, make him equally discontented; and where he finds no cause to tax the state, he descends to rail against

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gainst the rate of salt butter. His wishes are whirlwinds, which breathed forth return into himself, and make him a most giddy and tottering vessel. When he is awake and goes abroad, he doth but walk in his sleep, for his visitation is directed to none, his business is nothing. He is often dumb mad, and goes fetter'd in his own entrails. Religion is commonly his pretence of discontent, though he can be of all religions, therefore truly of none. Thus by unnaturalizing himself, some would think him a very dangerous fellow to the state, but he is not greatly to be feared, for this dejection of his, is only like a rogue that goes on his knees and elbows in the mire to further his begging.

A MEER

A Meer FELLOW of a HOUSE,

EXamines all men's carriage but his own, and is so kind natured to himself, he finds fault with all men's but his own. He wears his apparel much after the fashion; his means will not suffer him to come too nigh; they afford him mock velvet, or satinisco, but not without the colleges next lease's acquaintance; his inside is of the self same fashion, not rich but as it reflects from the glass of self-liking, their CRÆSUS is IRRUE to him. He is a pedant in shew, though his title be tutor, and his pupils in broader phrase are school-boys. On these he spends the false gallop of his tongue, and with senseless discourse tows them along, not out of ignorance. He shews them the rind, and conceals the sap, by this means he keeps them the longer, himself the better. He hath learnt to cough, and spit, and blow his nose at every period to recover his memory, and studies chiefly to set his eyes and beard to a new form of learning. His religion lies in wait for the inclination of his patron, neither ebbs nor flows, but just standing water, between

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tween protestant and puritan. His dreams are of plurality of benefices and non-residency, and when he rises, acts a long grace to his looking glass. Against he comes to be some great man's chaplain, he hath the habit of boldness, though a very coward. He speaks swords, fights *ergo's*; his pace on foot is a measure, on horseback a gallop, for his legs are his own, tho' horse and spurs are borrowed. He hath less use than possession of books. He is not so proud, but he will call the meanest author by his name, nor so unskilled in the heraldry of a study, but he knows each man's place. So ends that fellowship, and begins another.

A Meer PETTI-FOGGER;

IS one of SAMSON's foxes, he sets men together by the ears, more shamefully than pillories, and in a long vacation his sport is to go a fishing with the penal statutes. He cannot err before judgment, and then you see it, only writs of error are the barriers that keep his client undoing somewhat the longer. He is a vestry man in his parish, and easily sets his neighbours at variance with the vicar, when his wicked counsel on both sides is like weapons put into mens hands by a fencer whereby they get blows, he money. His honesty and learning bring him to under-sheriffship, which having thrice run through; he does not fear the lieutenant of the shire; nay more, he fears not God; cowardice holds him a good common wealthsman, his pen is the plough, and parchment the soil, whence he reaps both corn and curses. He is an earthquake that willingly will let no ground lie in quiet; broken titles make him whole; to have half in the county break their bonds, were the only liberty of conscience he could wish; though he be a Brownist, no neighbour of his should pay his tythes.

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tythes duly, if such suits held continual plea at WESTMINSTER. He cannot away with the reverend service in our church, because it ends with the peace of God. He loves blows extreamly, and hath his surgeon's bill of all rates, from head to foot; to incense the fury, he would not give away his yearly beatings for a good piece of money. He makes his will in form of a law case, full of quiddits that his friends after his death, if for nothing else, yet, for the vexation of law, may have cause to remember him. And if he thought the ghost of men did walk again, as they report in time of popery, sure he would hide some single money in WESTMINSTER-HALL, that his spirit might haunt there. Only with this, I will pitch him over the bar, and leave him, that his fingers itch after a bribe, ever since his first practising of court-hand.

A N

INGROSSER of CORN.

THERE is no vermin in the land like him; he flanders both heaven and earth with pretended dearths, when there's no cause of scarcity. His hoarding in a dear year, is like *ERISICTHON*'s bowels in *OVID*, *quodque urbibus esse; quodque satis poterat populo, non sufficit uni*. He prays daily for more enclosures, and knows no reasons in his religion, why we should call our forefathers days the time of ignorance, but only because they sold wheat for twelve pence a bushel. He wishes that *Dantzick* were at the *Mollocco*'s, and had rather be certain of some foreign invasion, than of the setting up the stilyard. When his barns and granaries are full, if it be a time of dearth, he will buy half a bushel in the market to serve his household, and winnows his corn in the night, lest as the chaff thrown upon the water shewed plenty in *EGYPT*; so his, carried by the wind, should proclaim his abundance. No painting pleases him so well as *PHARAOH*'s dream of the seven lean kine, that ate up the fat

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fat ones; that he has in his parlour, which he will describe to you like a motion, and his comment ends with a smother'd prayer for the like scarcity. He cannot away with tobacco, for he is perswaded, and not much amiss, that it is a sparer of bread, corn, which he could find in his heart to transport without licence; but weighing the penalty, he grows mealy mouth'd, and dares not; sweet smiles he cannot abide, wishes that the pure air were generally corrupted; nay, that the spring had lost her fragrancy forever, or we our superfluous sense of smelling, as he terms it, that his corn might not be found musty. The poor he accounts the justices intelligencers; cannot abide them; he complains of our negligence of discovering new parts of the world, only to rid them from our climate. His son, by a certain kind of instinct, he binds 'prentice to a taylor, who all the term of his indenture, hath a dear year in his belly, and ravins bread extreamly when he comes to be a freeman; if it be a dearth, he marries him to a baker's daughter.

A devilish USURER.

IS sowed as cummin or hempseed, with curses, and thinks he thrives the better; he is better read in the penal statutes than the bible, and his evil angel perswades him, he shall no sooner be saved by them. He can be no man's friend, for all men he hath most interest in, he undoes; and a double dealer he is certainly, for by his good will he ever takes the forfeit. He puts his money to the unnatural act of generation, and his scrivener is the survivor bawd to it; good deeds he loves none, but seal'd and deliver'd; nor doth he wish any thing to thrive in the country, but bee-hives, for they make him wax rich. He hates all but law Latin, yet thinks he might be drawn to love a scholar, could he reduce the year to a shorter compass, that his use-money might come in the faster; he seems to be the son of a Taylor, for all his estate is most heavy and cruel bonds. He doth not give, but sell days of payments, and those at the rate of a man's undoing; he doth only fear the day of judgment should fall sooner than the payment of some great sum of money due to him; he removes his lodging when a
 subsidy

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subsidy comes, and if he be found out, and pay it, he grumbles treason, but it is in such a deform'd silence, as witches raise their spirits in; gravity he pretends in all things, but in his private whore, for he will not in a hundred pound take one light six-pence; and it seems, he was at Tilbury camp, for you must not tell him of a Spaniard. He is a man of no conscience; for, like the jakes farmer that swooned with going into Bucklerbury, he falls into a cold sweat, if he but looks into the chancery; he thinks in his religion, we are in the right for every thing if that were abolish'd; he hides his money as if he thought to find it again at the last day, and then begin his old trade with it; his cloaths plead prescription, and whether they or his body are more rotten, is a question; yet, should he live to be hang'd in them, this good they would do him, the very hangman would pity his case; the table he keeps, is able to starve twenty tall men, his servants have not their living, but their dying from him, and that's of hunger; a spare diet he commends in all men but himself; he comes to cathedrals only for love of the singing boys, because they look hungry; he likes our religion best, because 'tis best cheap, yet would fain allow of purgatory, because 'twas of his trade, and brought in so much money; his heart

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heart with the same snaphance his purse doth, 'tis seldom open to any man ; friendship he accounts but a word without any signification ; nay, he loves all the world so little, that if it were possible, he would make himself his own executor ; for certain he is made admistrator to his own good name, while he is in perfect memory, for that dies long before him, but he is so far from being at the charge of a funeral for it, that he lets it stink above ground. In conclusion for neighbourhood, you were better dwell by a contentious lawyer ; and for his death, 'tis rather surfeit, the pox, or dispair ; for seldom such as he dye of God's making, as honest men should do.

A WATER-

A

WATERMAN.

IS one that hath learned to speak well of himself, for always he names himself the first man ; if he had betaken himself to some richer trade, he could not have chose but done well ; for in this, though it be a mean one, he is still plying it, and putting himself forward. He is evermore telling strange news, most commonly lies. If he be a Sculler, ask him if he be married, he'll equivocate and swear, he's a single Man. Little trust is to be given to him, for he thinks that day is best when he fetches most men over. His daily labour teaches him the art of dissembling, for like a fellow that rides to the pillory, he goes not that way he looks ; he keeps such a bawling at WESTMINSTER, that if the lawyers were not acquainted with it, an order would be taken with him. When he is upon the water, he is fare company ; when he comes ashore, he mutinies, and contrary to all other trades, is most surly to gentlemen when they tender payment. The
playhouses

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playhouses only keep him sober, and as they do many other gallants make him an afternoon's man. London-bridge is the most terrible eye sore to him that can be. And to conclude, nothing but a great press makes him fly from the river; nor any thing but a great frost can teach him any good manners.

K

NA

A N

ORDINARY WIDOW,

IS like the heralds herse cloth, she serves to many funerals, with a very little altering the colour. The end of her husband begins in tears, and the end of her tears begins in a husband. She goes to cunning women to know how many husbands she shall have, and never marries without the consent of six midwives. Her chiefest pride is in the multitude of her suitors, and by them she gains for one, serves to draw on another, and with one at last, she shoots out another, as boys do pellets in elder guns. She commends to them a single life, as horse-courfers do their jades, to put them away. Her fancy is to one of the biggest of the guard, but knight-hood makes her draw in a weaker bow. Her servants or kinsfolk are the trumpeters that summon any to this combat, by them she gains much credit; but looses it again in the old proverb, *fama est mendax*. If she live to be thrice married, she seldom fails to cozen her second husband's creditors. A churchman she dare not venture upon, for she has heard

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widows complain of dilapidations, nor a soldier, though he have candle rents in the city, for his estate may be subject to fire ; very seldom a lawyer, without he shews his exceeding great practice, and can make her case the better ; but a knight with the old rent may do much, for a great coming in, is all in all with a widow, ever provided ; that most part of her plate and jewels, before the wedding, lie concealed with her scrivener. Thus like a too ripe apple, she falls of herself, but he that hath her, is lord, but of a filthy purchase, for the title is cracked. Lastly, while she is a widow, observe ever, she is no morning woman ; the evening, a good fire and sack, may make her listen to a husband, and if ever she be made sure, 'tis upon a full stomach to bedward.

A VIRTUOUS WIDOW,

IS the palm tree that thrives not after the supplanting of her husband, for her children's sake she first marries, for she married that she might have children, and for their sakes she marries no more. She is like the purest gold, only employed for princes medals; she never receives but one man's impression, the large jointure moves her not, titles of honour cannot sway her. To change her name were, she thinks, to commit a sin, should make her ashamed of her husband's calling; she thinks she hath travelled all the world in one man, the rest of her time therefore she directs to heaven. Her main superstition is, she thinks her husband's ghost would walk, should she not perform his will, she would do it, were there no prerogative court; she gives much to pious uses, without any hope to merit by them, and as one diamond fashions another, so is she wrought into works of charity, with the dust or ashes of her husband; she lives to see herself full of time, being so necessary for earth, God calls her not to heaven, till she be very aged, and even

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even then, though her natural strength fail her, she stands like an ancient pyramid, which the less it grows to man's eye, the nearer it reaches to heaven; this latter chastity of hers, is more grave than reverend, then that e're she was married, for in it is neither hope nor longing, nor fear, nor jealousy. She ought to be a mirror for our youngest dames to dress themselves by, when she is fullest of wrinkles. No calamity can now come near her, for in suffering the loss of her husband, she accounts all the rest trifles; she hath laid his dead body in the worthiest monument that can be, she hath buried it in her own heart. To conclude, she is a relic, that without any superstition in the world, though she will not be kissed, yet may be revered.

A REVEREND JUDGE,

IS one that desires to have his greatness only measured by his goodness ; his care is to appear such to the people, as he would have them be, and to be himself, such as he appears ; for virtue cannot seem one thing and be another. He knows that the hill of greatness yields a most delightful prospect, but with all that, it is most subject to lightning and thunder, and that the people as in ancient tragedies, sit and censure the actions of those who are in authority ; he squares his own therefore, that they may be far above their pity ; he wishes fewer laws, so they are better observed, and for those which are multiplicative ; he understands their institution, not to be like briars or springes, to catch every thing they lay hold of, but like sea marks, on our dangerous GOODWIN, to avoid the shipwreck of ignorant passengers ; he hates to wrong any man, neither hope nor despair of preferment can draw him to such an exigent ; he thinks himself then most honourably seated, when he gives mercy the upper hand ; he rather strives to purchase

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chafe a good name than land, and of all rich stuffs forbidden by the statute, loaths to have his followers wear their cloaths cut out of bribes and extortions. If his prince call him to a higher place, there he delivers his mind plainly and freely, knowing for truth, there is no place wherein dissembling ought to have less credit than in a prince's counsel. Thus honour keeps peace with him to the grave, and doth not, as with many, there forsake him, and go back with the heralds, but fairly sits over him, and broods out of his memory many right excellent common wealths men.

A QUACKSALVER

IS a mountebank, of a larger bill than a taylor, if he can but come by names enough of diseases, to stuff it with, 'tis all the skill he studies for. He took his first being from a cunning woman, and stole this black art from her while he made her sea cole fire. All the diseases ever sin brought upon man, doth he pretend to be curer of, when the truth is, his main cunning is corncutting. A great plague makes him, what with railing against such, as have their cures for fear of infection, and in friendly breaking cake bread with the fish wives at funerals, he utters a most abominable deal of musty carduus water, and the conduits cry out all the learned doctors may cast their caps at him. He parts stakes with some apothecary in the suburbs, at whose house he lies, and though he be never so familiar with his wife, the apothecary dare not, for the richest horn in his shop, displease him. All the midwives in the town are his intelligencers, but nurses and young merchants wives, that would fain conceive with child, these are his idolaters;

he

he is a more unjust bone setter, than a dice maker, hath put out more eyes, than the small pox, made more deaf, than the cataracts of NILE, lamed more, than the gout, shrunk more sinews, than one that makes bowstrings, and killed more idly, than tobacco. A magistrate that had any way so noble a spirit, as but to love a good horse well, would not suffer him to be a farrier. His discourse is vomit, and his ignorance the strongest purgation in the world, to one that would be speedily cured, he hath more delays and doubles than a hare, or a law suit; he seeks to set us at variance with nature, and rather than he shall want diseases, he'll beget them; his especial practice as I said before, is upon women, labours to make their minds sick, e're their bodies feel it, and then there's work for the dog leach. He pretends the cure of madmen, and sure he gets most by them, for no man in his perfect wits would meddle with him. Lastly, he is such a juggler with urinals, so dangerously unskilful, that if ever the city will have recourse to him, for diseases that need purgation, let them employ him in scouring Moor-ditch.

A CANTING ROGUE.

TIS not unlikely but he was begot by some intelligencer under a hedge ; for his mind is wholly given to travel. He is not troubled with making of jointures : he can divorce himself without the fee of a proctor, nor fears he the cruelty of overseers of his will. He leaves his children all the world to cant in, and all the people to their father's. His language is a constant tongue ; the northern speech differs from the south, Welch from the Cornish : but canting is general, nor ever could be altered by conquest of the SAXON, DANE, or NORMAN. He will not beg out of his limit, though he starve ; nor break his oath if he swear by his SOLOMON, though you hang him ; and he pays his custom as truly to his grand rogue, as tribute is paid to the great TURK. The March SUN breeds agues in others, but he adores it like the INDIANS ; for then begins his progress after a hard winter. Ostlers cannot endure him, for he is of the infantry, and serves best on foot. He offends not the statute against the excess of apparel, for he will

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go naked, and counts it a voluntary penance. Forty of them lie in a barn together, yet are never sued upon the statute of Inmates. If he were learned, no man could make a better description of ENGLAND; for he hath travelled it over and over. Lastly, he brags, that his great houses are repaired to his hands, when churches go to ruin: and those are prisons.

A FRENCH

A FRENCH COOK,

HE learnt his trade in a town of garrison near famished, where he practised to make a little go far; some derive it from more antiquity, and say ADAM (when he pickt fallets) was of his occupation. He doth not feed the belly, but the palate; and though his command lie in the kitchen (which is but an inferior place) yet shall you find him a very saucy companion. Ever since the wars in NAPLES, he hath so minced the ancient and bountiful allowance, as if his nation should keep a perpetual diet. The serving men call him the last relique of Popery, that makes men fast against their conscience. He can be truly said to be no man's fellow but his master's; for the rest of his servants are starved by him. He is the prime cause why noblemen build their houses so great, for the smallness of their kitchen, makes the house the bigger; and the lord calls him his Alchymist that can extract gold out of herbs, roots, mushrooms or any thing: that which he dresses, we may rather call a drinking, than a meal; yet is he so full of variety,

variety, that he brags, and truly, that he gives you but a taste of what he can do; he dare not for his life come among the butchers; for sure they would quarter him and bake him, after the English fashion; he's such an enemy to beef and mutton. To conclude, he were only fit to make a funeral feast, where men should eat their victuals in mourning.

A
S E X T O N

IS an ill-willer to human nature. Of all proverbs, he cannot endure to hear that which says, we ought to live by the quick, not by the dead. He could willingly all his life time be confined to the church yard; at least within five foot on't: for at every church stile, commonly there's an ale-house; where let him be found never so idle pated, he is still a grave-drunkard. He breaks his fast heartiliest while he is making a grave, and says the opening of the ground makes him hungry. Though one would take him to be a sloven, yet he loves clean linen extreamly, and for that reason takes an order, that fine holland sheets be not made worms meat. Like a nation called the CUSANI, he weeps when any are born, and laughs when they die: the reason, he goes by burials, not by christenings; he will hold argument in a tavern over sack, till the dial and himself be both at a stand; he never observes any time, but sermon time,
and

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and there he sleeps by the hour-glass. The rope-maker pays him a pension, and he pays tribute to the physician; for the physician makes work for the sexton; as the rope-maker for the hang-man. Lastly, he wishes the dog-days would last all the year long, and a great plague is his year of Jubilee.

A JESUIT

IS a larger spoon for a traitor to feed with the devil, than any other order : unclasp him, and he's a grey wolf, with a golden star in the fore-head ; so superstitiously he follows the Pope, that he forsakes CHRIST ; in not giving CÆSAR his due. His vows seem heavenly ; but in meddling with State-business, he seems to mix heaven and earth together. His best elements, are confession and penance ; by the first, he finds out men's inclinations ; and by the latter, heaps wealth to his seminary. He sprang from IGNATIUS LOYOLA, a SPANISH soldier ; and though he were found out long since the invention of the cannon, 'tis thought he hath not done less mischief. He is a false key to open princes' cabinets, and pry into their counsels ; and where the Pope's excommunication thunders, he holds it no more sin the decrowning of king's, than our puritans do the suppression of bishop's. His order is full of all irregularity and disobedience ; ambitious above all measure ; for of late days, in PORTUGAL and the INDIES, he rejected the name of Jesuit,

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Jesuit, and would be called disciple. In ROME, and other countries that give him freedom, he wears a mask upon his heart; in ENGLAND he shifts it, and puts it upon his face. No place in our climate hides him so securely as a lady's chamber: the modesty of the Pursuivant hath only forborn the bed, and so mist him. There is no disease in Christendom, that may so properly be called the King's Evil. To conclude, would you know him beyond sea, in his seminary, he's a Fox, but in the Inquisition, a Lion Rampant.

An Excellent ACTOR.

WHatsoever is commendable in the grave orator, is most exquisitely perfect in him ; for by a full and significant action of body, he charms our attention ; sit in a full theatre, and you will think you see so many lines drawn from the circumference of so many ears, while the Actor is the Center. He doth not strive to make nature monstrous, she is often seen in the same scene with him, but neither on stilts nor crutches ; and for his voice 'tis not lower than the prompter, nor louder than the foil and target. By his action he fortifies moral precepts with example ; for what we see him personate, we think truly done before us ; a man of a deep thought might apprehend, the ghosts of our ancient heroes walked again, and take him (at several times) for many of them. He is much affected to painting, and 'tis a question whether that makes him an excellent player, or his playing an exquisite painter. He adds grace to the poets labours ; for what in the poet, is but ditty, in him is both ditty and music. He entertains us in the best leisure of our life,
that

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that is between meals, the most unfit time either for study or bodily exercise. The flight of hawks and chase of wild beasts, either of them are delights noble : but some think this sport of men the worthier, despite all calumny. All men have been of his occupation ; and indeed, what he doth feignedly, that do others essentially ; this day one plays a monarch, the next a private person. Here one acts a tyrant, on the morrow an exile. A parasite this man to night, to morrow a precisian, and so of divers others. I observe, of all men living, a worthy actor in one kind is the strongest motive of affection that can be : for when he dies, we cannot be perswaded any man can do his parts like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy actor by the corruption of some few of the quality, as I would do gold in the ore ; I should not mind the dross, but the purity of the metal.

A FRANK-

A FRANKLIN.

HIS outside is an ancient yeoman of England, though his inside may give arms (with the best gentleman) and never see the herald. There is no truer servant in the house than himself. Though he be master, he says not to his servants, go to field, but let us go; and with his own eye, doth both fatten his flock, and set forward all manner of husbandry. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little; his own fold yields him both food and raiment, he is pleased with any nourishment God sends, whilst curious gluttony ransacks, as it were, NOAH'S ARK for food, only to feed the riot of one meal. He is never known to go to law; understanding, to be law-bound among men, is like to be hide-bound among his beasts; they thrive not under it, and that such men sleep as unquietly, as if their pillows were stuff with lawyers pen-knives. When he builds, no poor tenants cottage hinders his prospect; they are indeed his almshouses, though there be painted on them no such superscription. He never sits up late,

but

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but when he hunts the badger, the vowed foe of his lambs; nor uses he any cruelty, but when he hunts the hare; nor subtilty, but when he setteth snares for the snipe, or pitfalls for the black-bird; nor oppression, but when in the month of JULY, he goes to the next river, and sheers his sheep. He allows of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead any thing bruised, or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the church-yard after even-song. Rock-monday, and the wake in summer, shrotings, the wakeful ketches on Christmas-eve, the hoky, or seed-cake, these he yearly keeps, yet holds them no relics of Popery. He is not so inquisitive after news derived from the privy closet, when the finding an eiery of hawks in his own ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good strain, are tidings more pleasant, and more profitable. He is lord paramount within himself, though he hold by never so mean a tenure, and dies the more contentedly (though he leave his heir young) in regard, he leaves him not liable to a covetous guardian. Lastly, to end him; he cares not when his end comes; he needs not fear his audit, for his *Quietus* is in heaven.

A RY-

A R Y M E R

IS a fellow whose face is thatcht all over with impudence, and should he be hang'd or pilloried, he is armed for it. He is a juggler with words, yet practises the art of most uncleanly conveyance. He doth boggle very often ; and because himself winks at it, thinks 'tis not perceived : the main thing that ever he did, was the tune he sang to. There is nothing in the earth so pitiful, no not an ape-carrier. He is not worth thinking of, and therefore I must leave him as nature left him, a Dung-hill not well laid together.

A COVETOUS MAN.

THIS man would love honour and adore God if there were an L more in his name ; he could wish he had MIDAS, taking for hunger, on condition he had his che-mical quality ; at the grant of a new subsidy, he would gladly hang himself, were it not for the charge of buying a rope, and begins to take money upon use when he hears of a privy seal ; his morning prayer is to over-look his bags, whose every parcel begets his adoration. Then to his studies, which are how to cozen this tenant, beggar that widow, or undo some orphan ; then, his bonds are viewed, the well known days of payment, conned by heart, and if he ever pray, it is that some one may break his day, that the beloved forfeiture may be obtained. His use is doubled, and no one six pence begot or born, but presently by an untimely thrift it is getting more ; his chimney must not be acquaint-ed with fire, for fear of mischance, but if extremity of cold pinch him, he gets him heat with looking on, and sometimes remov-ing his aged wood pile, which he means to have

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have to many descents, till it hath out lived all the woods of the country; he never spends candle but at CHRISTMAS, when he has them for new years gifts, in hope that his servants will break glasses for want of light, which they doubly pay for in their wages; his actions are guilty of more crimes than other men's thoughts, and he conceives no sin which he dare not act, save only lust, from which he abstains, for fear he should be charged with keeping a bastard; once a year he feasts, the relics of which meat serves him the next quarter; in his talk he rails against eating of breakfasts, drinking betwixt meals, and swears he is impoverished with paying tythes. He had rather have the frame of the world fall, than the price of corn; if he chance to travel, he curses his fortune that his place obliges him to ride, and his faithful cloak bag is sure to take care for his kitchen. His nights are as troublesome as the days, every rat awakes him out of his unquiet sleeps. If he have a daughter to marry, he wishes he were in HUNGARY, or might follow the custom of that country, that all her portion might be a wedding gown; if he fall sick, he had rather die a thousand deaths than pay for any physician, and if he might have his choice, he would not go to heaven, but on condition

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condition he may put money to use there. In fine, he lives a drudge, dies a wretch that leaves a heap of pelf, which so many careful hands had scraped together, to haste after him to HELL, and by the way it lodges in a lawyer's purse.

THE PROUD MAN,

IS one in whom pride is a quality, that condemns every one besides his master, who when he wears new cloaths, thinks himself wronged if they be not observed, imitated, and his direction in the choice of his fashion, and stuff applauded; when he vouchsafes to bless the air with his presence, he goes as near the wall, as his fatten suit will give him leave, and views every passenger under the eye-brows, to observe whether he veils his bonnet low enough; he never salutes first, but his farewell is perpetual; which he returns with an imperious nod. In his attire he is effeminate, every hair knows its own station, which if it chance to lose, it is checked in again with his pocket comb. He had rather have the whole commonwealth out of order, than the least member of his muchatoe, and chuses rather to lose his patrimony, than to have his band ruffled; at a feast, if he be not placed in the highest seat, he eats nothing; however, he drinks to no man, talks with no man, for fear of familiarity; he professeth to keep his stomach

for

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for the pheasant, or the quail, and when they come, he can eat little, he has been so cloy'd with them that year, although they be the first he saw. In his discourse, he talks of none but privy counsellors, and is as prone to belie their acquaintance, as he is a lady's favours; if he have but twelve pence in his purse, he will give it for the best place in a play-house; he goes to sermons only to shew his cloaths, and if on other inferior days he chance to meet his friend, he is sorry he sees him not in his best suit.

A PRISON.

IT should be Christ's hospital, for most of your wealthy citizen's are good benefactors to it, and yet it can hardly be so, because so few in it are kept upon alms. Charity's house and this are built many miles asunder. One thing notwithstanding is here praise-worthy, for men in this persecution cannot chuse but prove good christians, in that they are a kind of martyrs, and suffer. And yet it is so cursed a piece of land, that the son is ashamed to be his father's heir in it. It is an infected pest-house all the year long: the plague sores of the law, and diseases here wholly reign. The surgeons are attorneys and petti-foggers, who kill more than they cure. Lord have mercy upon us, may well stand over these doors, for debt is a most dangerous and catching city pestilence. Some take this place for the walks in Moorfields, (by reason the mad men are so near) but the crosses here and there are not alike; No, it is not half so sweet an air, for it is the dunghil of the law, upon which is thrown the ruins of gentry, and the
 nasty

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nafty heaps of voluntary decayed bankrupts, by which means it comes to be a perfect medal of the iron age, ſince nothing but jingling of keys, rattling of ſhackles, bolts and grates are here to be heard. It is the hoſe of TROY, in whoſe womb are ſhut up all the mad GREEKS that are men of action. *Nul-lum vacuum* (unleſs in priſoners bellies) is here truly to be proved. One excellent effect is wrought by the place itſelf, for the arranteſt coward breathing being poſted hither, comes in three days to an admirable ſtomach; does any man deſire to learn muſic? every man here ſings *Lachrymæ* at firſt ſight; and is hardly out, he runs diviſion upon every note. And yet, (to their commendations be it ſpoke; none of them for all that diviſion) do trouble the church. They are no Ana-baptiſts; if you aſk under what horizon this climate lies, the BERMUDAS and it, are both under one and the ſame height. And whereas ſome ſuppoſe that this Iſland (like that) is haunted with devils, it is not ſo, for thoſe devils (ſo talked of and feared) are none elſe but hoggish Jaylors. Hither you need not fail, for it is a ſhip of it ſelf; the maſter's ſide is the upper deck. They in the common jail lie under hatches and help to ballaſt it; intricate caſes are the tacklings; execu-

tions, the anchors; capiaſſes, the cables; chancery bills, the huge fails; a long term the maſt; law, the helm; a judge the pilot; a counſel the purſer; an attorney the boatſwain; his ſleeceing clerk the ſwabber; bonds the waves; outlawries, guſts; the verdicts of juries, rough winds; extents, the rocks, that ſplit all in pieces; or if it be not a ſhip, yet this and a ſhip differ not much in the building, the one is a moving miſery, the other a ſtanding. The firſt is ſeated on a ſpring, the ſecond on piles; either this place is an emblem of a bawdy-houſe, or a bawdy-houſe of it, for nothing is to be ſeen (in any room) but ſcurvy beds and bare walls. But not ſo much to diſhonour it, it is an univerſity of poor ſcholars, in which three arts are chiefly ſtudied, To pray, to curſe, and to write letters.

A

PRISONER,

IS one that hath been a monied man, and is still a very close fellow ; whosoever is of his acquaintance, let them make much of him, for they shall find him as fast a friend as any in ENGLAND ; he is a sure man, and you know where to find him. The corruption of a bankrupt is commonly the generation of this creature, he dwells on the back-side of the world, or in the suburbs of society, and lives in a tenement which he is sure none will go about to take over his head. To a man that walks abroad, he is one of the antipodes, that goes on the top of the world, and this under it. At his first coming in he is a piece of new coin, all sharking old prisoners lie sucking at his purse ; an old man and he are much alike, neither of them go far ; they are still angry, and peevish, and they sleep little. He was born at the fall of BABEL, the confusion of languages is only in his mouth. All the vacations he speaks as

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good English as any man in ENGLAND ; and in term time, he breaks out of that, hopping a one-leg'd pace into a racking trot of issues, bills, replications, rejoinders demurs, quarrels, Subpenas, &c. able to fright a simple country fellow, and make him believe he conjures, whatsoever his complexion was before, it turns (in this place) to colour or deep melancholy, so that he needs every hour to take phyfic to loose his body, for that (like his estate) is very foul and corrupt, and extreamly hard bound. The taking of an execution off his stomach gives him five or six stools, and leaves his body very soluble. The withdrawing of an action is a vomit ; he is no sound man ; and yet an utter barrister (nay a serjeant of the case) will feed heartily upon him, he is very good picking meat for a lawyer. The barber surgeons may (if they will) beg him for an anatomy after he hath suffered execution, an excellent lecture may be made upon his body ; he is a kind of dead carcas, creditors, lawyers, and jailors devour it, creditors pick out his eyes with his own tears, lawyers flee him of his own skin, and lap him in parchment, and jailors are the PROMETHEAN vultures that gnaw his very heart. He is a bond slave to the law, and (albeit he were a shop-keeper in LONDON)

yet

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yet he cannot write himself a free man. His religion is of five or six colours, this day he prays that God may turn the hearts of his creditors, and to morrow he curseth the hour that ever he saw them. His apparel is daubed commonly with statute late, the suit itself of durance, and the hose full of long pains: He hath many other lasting suits, which he himself is never able to wear out, for they wear out him. The zodiac of his life is like that of the SUN, marry not half so glorious; it begins in ARIES, and ends in PISCES. Both head and feet are all the year long in troublesome and laborious motions, and WESTMINSTER-HALL is his sphere. He lives between the two tropics (CANCER and CAPRICORN) and by that means is in double danger (of crabbed creditors) for his purse, and horns for his head, if his wife's heels be light. If he be a gentleman, he alters his arms so soon as he comes in. Few (here carry field or argent, but whatsoever they bear before, here they give only fables, while he lies by it, he is travelling over the ALPS, and the hearts of his creditors are the snows that lie unmelted in the middle of summer. He is an almanack out of date, none of his days speak of fair weather. Of all the files of men, he marcheth in the last and

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comes limping, for he is shot, and is no man of this world, unless he be fetch'd off nobly. He hath lost his way, and being benighted, strayed into a wood full of Wolves, and nothing so hard as to get away without being devoured; he that walks from fix to fix in St. PAUL's, goes but a coit's cast before this man.

A CRE-

A C R E D I T O R.

IS a man that torments men for their good conditions ; he is one of DEUCALIONS sons begotten of a stone. The marble image in the Temple Church that lies cross-leg'd, does much resemble him, saving that, his is a little more cross ; he wears a forfeited band under that part of his girdle, where his thumb sticks with as much pride, as a Welshman does a leek on St. DAVID's day, and quarrels more and longer about it. He is a catch-poles morning's draught, for the news that such a gallant is come yesternight to town, draws both muscadel out of him and money too. He says the Lord's prayer backwarks, or (to speak better of him) he hath a Pater-noster by himself ; and that particle, forgive us our debts, as we forgive others, &c. he either quite leaves out, or else leaps over. It is a dangerous rub in the alloy of his conscience. He is the blood-hound of the law, and hunts counter very swiftly, and with great judgment. He hath a quick scent to smell out his gain, and a good deep mouth to pursue it, yet never opens but when he bites, and

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and bites not but he kills, or at least draws blood, and then he pinches most doggedly. He is a lawyer's moil, and the only beast upon which he ambles so often to WESTMINSTER; and a lawyer is his God Almighty, in him only he trusts, to him he flies in all his troubles, from him he seeks succour, to him he prays, that he may by his means overcome his enemies. Him does he worship both in the Temple and abroad, and hopes by him and good Angels to prosper in all his actions. A scrivener is his farrier, and helps to recover all his diseased and maimed obligations. Every term he sets up a tenters in WESTMINSTER HALL, upon which he racks and stretches gentlemen like English broad cloth beyond the staple of the wool till the threads crack, and that causeth them with the least wet to shrink and presently to wear bare; marry he handles a citizen (at least if himself be one) like a piece of Spanish cloth, gives him only a touch, and strains him not too hard, knowing how apt he is to break himself, and then he can cut nothing out of him but shred, to the one he comes like TAMERLANE with his black and bloody flags, but to the other his white one hangs out. And (upon the pearl) rather than fail, he takes ten groats in the pound for his ransom, and so lets him march.

march away with bag and baggage. From the beginning of Hillary, to the end of Michaelmas, his purse is full of quick silver, and that sets him running from Sun rise to Sun set up Fleet-street, and so to the chancery, from thence to Westminster, then back to one court, after that to another, then to an attorney, then to a counsellor, and in every one of these places he melts some of his fat (his money;) in the vacation he goes to grass and gets up his flesh again, which he bates as you have heard; if he were to be hanged, unless he could be saved by his book, he cannot, for his heart call for a Psalm of mercy. He is a knave trap-baited with parchment and wax, the fearful mice he catches are debtors, with whom scratching attorneys, like cats, play a good while, and then mouse them; the belly is an unsatiable creditor, but man worse.

A

S E R J E A N T.

WAS once taken (when he bore office in his parish) for an honest man, the spawn of a decayed shop-keeper begets this fry, out of that dunghill is the serpent's egg hatch'd. It is a devil made sometimes out of one of the twelve companies, and does but study the part, and rehearse on earth to be perfect when he comes to act it in hell, that is his stage. The hangman and he are twins; only the hangman is the elder brother, and he dying without issue (as commonly he does, for none but a rope-maker's widow will marry him) this then inherits, his habit is a long gown, made at first to cover his knavery, but that growing too monstrous he now goes in buff, his conscience and that being both cut out of one hide, and are of one toughness. The counter-gate is his kennel, the whole city his parish garden; the misery of poor men (but especially of bad livers) are the offals on which he feeds. The devil calls him his white son, he is so like him,
that

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that he is the worse for it. And he takes after his father, for the one torments bodies as fast as the other tortures souls. Money is the crust he leaps at, cry a duck a duck, and he plunges not in so eagerly as at this. The dog's chaps waters to fetch nothing else; he hath his name for the same quality, for serjeant is *quasi R: see argent*, look you rogues here is money. He goes muffled like a thief, and carries still the marks of one, for he steals upon a man cowardly, plucks him by the throat, makes him stand, and fleeces him. In this they differ, the thief is more valliant and more honest, his walks in term time, are up Fleet-street, at the end of term up Holbourn, and so to Tyburn; the gallows are his purlieus in which the hangman and he are the quarter rangers, the one turns off and the other cuts down; all the vacation he lies imbogg'd behind the lettice of some blind drunken bawdy alehouse, and if he spy his prey, out he leaps like a free-booter and rifles, or like a bandog worries. No officer to the city keeps his oath so upright, he never is forsworn, for he swears to be true varlet to the city, and he continues so to his dying day. Mace, which is so comfortable to the stomach, in all kind of meats, turns in his hand to mortal poison; this raven
picks

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picks not out mens eyes as others do; all his spite is at their shoulders, and you were better to have the night mare ride you then this incubus. When any of the furies in hell dye, this CACODÆMON hath the reversion of his place. He will venture as desperately upon the pox as any roaring boy of them all. For when he arrests a whore, himself puts her in common bail at his own peril, and she pays him soundly for his labour; upon one of the sheriffs custards he is not so greedy nor so sharp-set as at such a stew pot. The city (is by the custom) to feed him with good meat, as they send dead horses to their hounds, only to keep them both in good heart, for not only those curs at the doghouse, but these within the walls are to serve in their places, in their several hunting. He is a citizen's birdlime, and where he holds he hangs.

This

The YEOMAN.

IS the hanger that a serjeant wears by his side; it is a false dye of the same bale, but not the same cut, for it runs somewhat higher, and does more mischief. It is a tumbler to drive in the conies. He is yet but a bungler, and knows not how to cut up a man without tearing but by a pattern; one term-fleshes him, for a Fleet-steet breakfast. The devil is but his father-in-law, and yet for the love he bears him, he will leave him as much as if he were his own child. And for that cause (instead of prayers) he does every morning at the Compter-gate ask him blessing, and thrives the better in his actions all the day after. This is the hook that hangs under water to choak the fish, and his serjeant is the Quill above water which pops down so soon as ever the bait is swallowed. It is indeed an otter, and the more terrible destroyer of the two. This Compter rat hath a tail as long as his fellows, but his teeth are more sharp, and he more hungry, because he does but snap, and hath not his full half share of the booty; the eye of this wolf is as quick in his head as
a cut.

a cutpurse's in a throng, and as nimble is he at his business as a hangman at an execution. His office is as the dogs to worry the sheep first, or drive them to the shambles. The butcher that cuts his throat steps out afterwards, and that's his serjeant. His living lies within the city, but his conscience lies buried in one of the holes of a Compter. This eel is bred too out of the mud of a bankrupt, and dies commonly with his guts ript up, or else a sudden stab sends him on his last errand. He will very greedily take a cut with a sword, and suck more silver out of the wound than his surgeon shall. His beginning is detestable, his courses desperate, and his end damnable.

A JAYLOR

A

JAYLOR.

IS a creature mistaken in the making, for he should be a tyger. But the shape being thought too terrible, it is covered, and he wears the vizor of a man ; yet retains the qualities of his former fierceness, curishness and ravening. Of that red earth of which man was fashioned, this piece was the basest of the rubbish, which being left and thrown by, became a Jaylor, or if God had something else to do, then to regard such trash, his descent is then more ancient, but more ignoble, for then he comes of the race of those angels, that fell with Lucifer from heaven, whither he never (or very hardly) returns ; of all his bunches of keys, not one hath wards to open that door ; for a Jaylor's soul stands not upon those two pillars that support heaven, (justice and mercy) it rather sits upon those two foot-stool's of hell, wrong and cruelty. He is a judge's slave, a prisoner's his. In this they differ, he is a voluntary one, the other compelled. He is the hangman of the law with a lame hand, and
if

if law gave him all his limbs perfect, he would strike those on whom he is glad to fawn. In fighting against a debtor he is a creditor's second, but observes not the laws of the duello, for his play is foul, and on all base advantages. His conscience and his shackles hang up together, and are made very near of the same metal, saving that the one is harder than the other, and hath one property above iron, for that never melts. He distils money out of the poors tears, and grows fat by their curses ; no man coming to the practical part of hell, can discharge it better, because here he does nothing but study the theory of it. His house is the picture of hell, and the original of the letters patents of his office stand exemplified there. A chamber of lowly beds is better worth to him, than the best acre of corn land in England. Two things are hard to him (nay almost impossible) *viz.* To save all his prisoners that none ever escape, and to be saved himself. His ears are stoop, to the cries of others, and God's to his ; and good reason, for lay the life of man in one scale, and his fees on the other, he will lose the first to find the second. He must look for no mercy (if he desires justice to be done him) for he shews none ; and I think he cares the less, because he knows heaven hath no need
of

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of jaylors. The doors there want no porters, for they stand ever open. If it were possible for all creatures in the world, to sleep every night, he only, and a Tyrant cannot. That blessing is taken from them, and this curse comes in the stead, to be ever in fear, and ever hated, what estate can be worse?

What

What a CHARACTER is.

IF I must speak the schoolmasters language, I will confess, that character comes of this infinitive mood *χαραζω*, which signifieth to ingrave, or make a deep impression. And for that cause, a letter (as A, B,) is called a character.

Those elements which we learn first, leaving a strong seal in our memories.

Character is also taken for an Egyptian hieroglyphic, for an impress, or short emblem, in little, comprehending much.

To square out a character by our English level, it is a picture (real or personal) quaintly drawn in various colours, all of them heightened by one shadowing.

It is a quick and soft touch of many strings, all shutting up in one musical close; it is wits descant on any plain song.

N E W S

FROM ANY WHENCE.

O R

OLD TRUTH, Under a Supposal of
NOVELTY.

NEWS from COURT.

IT is thought here, that there are as great miseries beyond happiness, as on this side it, as being in love. That truth is every man's by assenting; That time makes every thing aged, and yet it self was never but a minute old. That, next sleep, the greatest devourer of time is business; the greatest stretcher of it, passion; the truest measure of it, contemplation. To be saved, always is the best plot; and virtue always clears her way as she goes. Vice is ever behind hand with it self. That wit and a woman are two frail things, and both the frailer by concurring. That the means of begetting a man, hath

hath more increased mankind than the end. That the madness of love is to be sick of one part, and cured by another. The madness of jealousy, that it is so diligent, and yet it hopes to loose his labour. That all women for the bodily part, are but the same meaning put in divers words; that the difference in the sense is their understanding; that the wisdom of action is discretion; the knowledge of contemplation is truth; the knowledge of action is men. That the first considers what should be, the latter makes use of what is; that every man is weak in his own humours. That every man a little beyond himself, is a fool. That affection is the more ridiculous part of folly than ignorance. That the matter of greatness is comparison. That God made one world of substances; man hath made another of art and opinion. That money is nothing but a thing which art hath turned up trump. That custom is the soul of circumstances. That custom hath so far prevailed, that truth is now the greatest news.

Answer to the COURT NEWS.

That happiness and misery are antipodes. That goodness is not felicity, but the road thither. That man's strength is but
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a vicissitude of falling and rising. That only to refrain ill, is to be ill still. That the plot of salvation, was laid before the plot of Paradise. That enjoying is the preparative to contemning. That he that seeks opinion beyond merit, goes just so far back. That no man can obtain his desires; nor in the world hath not to his measure. That to study men is more profitable than books. That men's loves are their afflictions. That titles of honour, are rattles to still ambition. That to be a King, is Fame's but, and Fear's quiver. That the souls of women and lovers are wrapt in the portmanteau of their senses. That imagination is the end of man. That wit is the web, and wisdom the woof of the cloth; so that women's souls were never made up. That envy knows what it will not confess. That goodness is like the art prospective; one point center, begetting infinite rays. That man, woman, and the devil, are the three degrees of comparison. That this news holds number, but not weight, by which couple all things receive form.

News to the UNIVERSITY.

A Meer scholar is but a live book. Action doth express knowledge better than words; so much of the soul is lost, as the body cannot utter. To teach, should rather
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be an effect, than the purpose of learning. Age decays, nature perfects art; therefore the glory of youth, is strength; of the grey head, wisdom; yet most condemn the follies of their own infancy, run after those of the worlds, and in reverence of antiquity, will bear an old error against a new truth. Logic is the heraldry of arts, the array of judgment, none it self, nor any science without it; where it and learning meet not, must be either a skilful ignorance, or a wild knowledge. Understanding cannot conclude out of mode and figure. Discretion contains rhetoric; the next way to learn good words, is to learn sense; the newest philosophy is soundest, the eldest Divinity; Astronomy begins in nature, ends in magic. There is no honesty of the body without health, which no man hath had since ADAM. Intemperance, that was the first mother of sickness, is now the daughter. Nothing dies but qualities. No kind in the world can perish, without ruin of the whole. All parts help one another (like states) for particular interest; so in arts which are but translations of nature, there is no sound position in any one, which, imagine false, there may not from it be drawn strong conclusions, to disprove all the rest. Where one truth is granted, it may be by direct means brought to confirm any other

other controverted. The soul and body of the first man, were made fit to be immortal together ; we cannot live to the one, but we must die to the other. A man and a christian are two creatures. Our perfection in this world, is virtue ; in the next, knowledge ; when we shall read the glory of God in his own face.

F O R E I G N N E W S,

For the YEAR, 1616.

From F R A N C E.

IT is delivered from FRANCE, that the choice of friends there, is as of their wives ; those that being new, are hard and harsh, prove best ; the most pleasing are least lasting. That an enemy fierce at the first onset, is as a torrent tumbling down a mountain ; a while it bears all before it ; have but that while patience, you may pass it dry foot. That a penetrating judgment may enter into a man's mind by his body's gate ; if this appear affected, apish and unstable ; a wonder if that be settled.

That vain glory, new fashions, and the French disease, are upon terms of quitting their countries allegiance to be made free denisons of ENGLAND. That the wounds of

an ancient enmity have their scars, which cannot be so well closed to the sight, but they will lie open to the memory. That a Prince's pleasureable vices, ushered by authority, and waited on by connivance, sooner punish themselves by the subjects imitation, than they can be reformed by remonstrance or correction; so apt are all ill examples to rebound on them that give them. That King's hear truth oftener for the tellers, than their own advantage.

From S P A I N.

THat the shortest cut to the riches of the Indies, is by their contempt. That who is fear'd of most, fears most. That it more vexeth the proud, that men despise them, than that they not fear them. That greatness is fruitful enough, when other helps fail, to beget on it self destruction. That it is a gross flattering of tired cruelty, to honour it with the title of clemency. That to eat much at other men's cost, and little at his own, is the wholesomest and most nourishing diet, both in court and country. That those are aptest to domineer over others, who by suffering indignities, have learned to offer them. That ambition, like a silly dove, flies up to fall down, it minds not whence it came, but whither it will. That even galley

ley slaves, setting light by their captivity, find freedom in bondage. That to be slow in military business, is to be so covetous as to give the way to an enemy. That lightning and greatness, more fear than hurt.

From R O M E.

THat the veneral (called venial) sin is to pass in the rank of cardinal virtues; and that those should be held henceforth his holiness beneficial friends, that sin upon hope of pardon. That where vice is a state commodity, he is an offender, that often offends not. That jews and courtezans there, are as beasts that men feed, to feed on. That for an Englishman to abide at ROME, is not so dangerous as report makes it; since it skills not where we live; so we take heed how we live. That greatness comes not down by the way it went up, there being often found a small distance between the highest and the lowest fortunes. That racket authority is oft less regarded at home than abroad, while things that seem, are (commonly) more feared a far off then at hand.

From V E N I C E,

THat the most profitable Bank, is the true use of a man's self, while such as grow mouldy in idleness, make their

houses their tombs, and die before their death. That many dangerous spirits lie buried in their wants, which had they means to their minds, would dare as much as those that with their better fortunes over top them. That professed courtezans, if they be any way good, it is because they are openly bad. That frugality is the richest treasure of an estate, where men feed for hunger, cloath for cold and modesty, and spend for honour, charity, and safety.

From G E R M A N Y.

That the infectious vice of drunken-good-fellowship, is like to stick by that nation as long as the multitude of offenders so benumbs the sense of offending, as that a common blot is held no stain. That discretions must be taken by weight, not by tale; who doth otherwise, shall both prove his own too light, and fall short of his reckoning. That fear, and a nice fore-cast of every slight danger, seldom gives either faithful or fruitful counsel. That the Empire of GERMANY, is not more great than that over a mans self.

From the Low COUNTRIES

That one of the surest grounds of a mans liberty is, not to give another power over it. That the most dangerous plunge whereto to put thine enemy, is desperation, while

while forcing him to set light by his own life, thou makest him master of thine. That neglected danger lights soonest and heaviest. That they are wisest, who in the likelihood of good, provide for ill. That since pity dwells at the next door to misery, he liveth most at ease, that is neighbour with envy. That the evil fortune of the wars, as well as the good, is variable.

From the CHURCH.

IT was thought here, that the world was made for man, and not man for the world, and that therefore they take a cross course that lye down there. That those that will not rise, their souls must, and carry their bodies to judgment. That we have spent one inheritance already, and are prodigal of this. That there is no hope beyond mercy, and that this is that time; the next is of justice. That CHRIST when he went away, left good seed in his Church; and when he comes again, he shall find christians, but not faith. That the devil hath got upon us, the same way that he did at the first, by drawing shadows over substances, as he did the body over the soul. That protestants wear the name of CHRIST for a charm, as papists do the cross. That states use it, the clergy live by it, the people follow it, more by a stream, than one by one. That all are religious rather than some. That every one looks to another but not to himself. That they go so by throngs to heaven, that it is to be feared they take the broader way. That the church is in the world,

world, like a ship in the sea ; the elect in the church, like Jonas amongst the mariners. That to mend this, is to cheat the devil, to turn man the right side outward, and set the soul foremost again. That the soul may be too rank too, if we look not to it : and so a puritan often times meets a papist in superstition another way. That to bind from and to indifferent things, is equal, though it be thought otherwise. That some, out of a good meaning have fallen this way into a vice. That these faults are more subtil ; and therefore less perceived, and less to be blamed ; but as dangerous as the other, if they take heed. That the rule is in all things the body and the soul must go together, but the better before. That we have contended so long about the body of religion, that some men thought it was dead : That so ATHEISTS are come into the church, and that it will be as hard to cast them out as devils. That those which have thus broken the peace of JERUSALEM, are obliged to satisfaction ; and those which first gave them cause of amendment. That they are a good medicine one for another, and both a good composition. That a pure BISHOP is the best government, if the pride on both sides would let them know it. That all controversies for the most part, leave the truth in the middle, and are factious at both ends. That the church hath this good by them they cleanse the way for others, but not for themselves. That sincerity in the cause of truth, is more worth than learning. That too much, and too little knowledge, have made the world mad. That we have a shorter cut to it, and a surer

surer way then **DRAKE** had over the World, if we could find it out. That every man is a brief of the whole ; and as he is so, he is greater than a King. That every King is a brief of his land, and he hath a Patern of the government of it always about him. That as the honour that he gives to his nobles and counsellors is a charge ; so is that which **GOD** gives him. That as he requires an account, so he must give. That he is the image of **GOD** in his kingdom, as man is in the world. That therefore the subjects owe him obedience, as the creatures do man. That those that will not obey, are neither good subjects, nor good men. That to obey well, is as great thing as to govern, and more mens duties. That those that think not so, know not the Christian's part, which is to suffer. That though states be nought, if they profess religion, they may deliver many men safe to heaven, tho' they go not themselves, and so they are like bad ministers. That this is **God's** use of both, and of the world too, to convey his elect to their place. That the outward face of the church hath but the same use, and the elect are the church themselves. That they are the temple of the holy ghost, and therefore ought to pluck down their idols, and set up **God** there. That the idols of these times, are covetousness, pride, gluttony, wantonness, heresies, and such like admiration, and serving of our selves. That we must make all time an occasion of amendment, because the devil makes it an occasion to tempt. That he is a spirit, and therefore is more cunning than we. That there is no way to resist him, but by the spirit of **God**, which is his master.

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That this is the gift of God, which he giveth to all that are his. That it is encreased by the word, and held by humility and prayer. That faith is the effect of it, and works the assurance. That thus the understanding and will, which is the whole soul of man, is made up again, and sanctifies the body. That so we are the members of Christ. That our head is in Heaven, as a pawn, that where he is, we shall be. That there is no opinion but knowledge; for it is the science of souls, and God the teacher.

From the BED,

THat the bed is the best rendezvous of mankind, and the most necessary ornament of a chamber. That soldiers are good antiquaries in keeping the old fashion, for the first bed was the bare ground. That a mans pillow is his best counsellor. That ADAM lay in state, when the heaven was his canopy. That the naked truth is, ADAM and EVE lay without sheets. That they were either very innocent, very ignorant, or very impudent, they were not ashamed the heavens should see them lie without a coverlid. That it is likely EVE studied astronomy, which makes the posterity of her sex ever since to lie on their backs. That the circumference of the bed is nothing so wide as the convex of the heavens, yet it contains a whole world. That the five senses are the greatest sleepers. That a slothful man is but a reasonable dormouse. That the soul ever wakes to watch the body. That a jealous man sleeps dog-sleep. That sleep makes no difference between a wise man and a fool. That for all times sleep is the best

bed-fellow. That the devil and mischief ever wake. That love is a dream. That the posterous hopes of ambitious men are like pleasing dreams, farthest off when awake. That the bed pays VENUS more custom than all the world beside. That if dreams and wishes had been all true, there had not been since Popery, one maid to make a NUN of. That the secure man sleeps soundly, and is hardly to be awak'd. That the charitable man dreams of building churches, but starts to think the ungodlier courtier will pull them down again. That sleepers were never dangerous in a state. There is a natural reason, why Popish Priests chuse the bed to confess their women upon, for they hold it necessary, that humiliation should follow shrift. That if the bed should speak all it knows, it would put many to the blush. That it is fit the bed should know more than paper.

From the CHIMNEY CORNER,

THAT wit is brushwood, judgment timber: the one gives the greatest flame, the other yeilds the durablest heat, and both meeting makes the best fire. That bawds and attorney's are and-irons that hold up their clients till they burn each other to ashes, they receive warmth by these; these by them their destruction. That a wise rich man is like the back or stock of the chimney, and his wealth the fire, it holds needly to reflect the heat to others good. That house-keeping in England is fallen from a great fire in a hot summers day, to boughs in the chimney all winter long. That mans reason in matter
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of faith is fire, in the first degree of his ascent flame, next smoak, and then nothing. A young fellow fallen in love with a whore, is said to be fallen a sleep in the chimney corner. He that leaves his friend for his wench, forsakes his bed to sit up and watch a coal. That the covetous rich man only freezes before the fire. That choler is an ill gust that urinds in the chimney for want of a chamber pot. That chaste beauty is like the bellows, whose breath is cold, yet makes others burn. That he that expounds the scriptures upon the warrant of his own spirit only, lays the brands together without tongs, and is sure (at least) to burn his own fingers. That the lover keeps a great fire in his house all the year long. That devotion, like fire in frosty weather, burns hottest in affliction. That such Friars as fly the world for the trouble of it, lie in bed all day in winter to spare fire-wood. That a covetous man is a dog in a wheel, that toils to roast meat for other mens eating. The Pagans worshipping the Sun are said to hold their hands to the glowworms instead of a coal for heat. That a wise man's heart is like a broad hearth that keeps the coals (his passions) from burning the house. That good deeds, in this life, are coals raked up in embers, to make a fire next day.

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